Saturday Review

JUNE 1, 1963 25¢

Experiment with LSD:

THEY SPLIT MY PERSONALITY

By Harry Asher

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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

RECAPTURING THE FUTURE

By Margaret Mead

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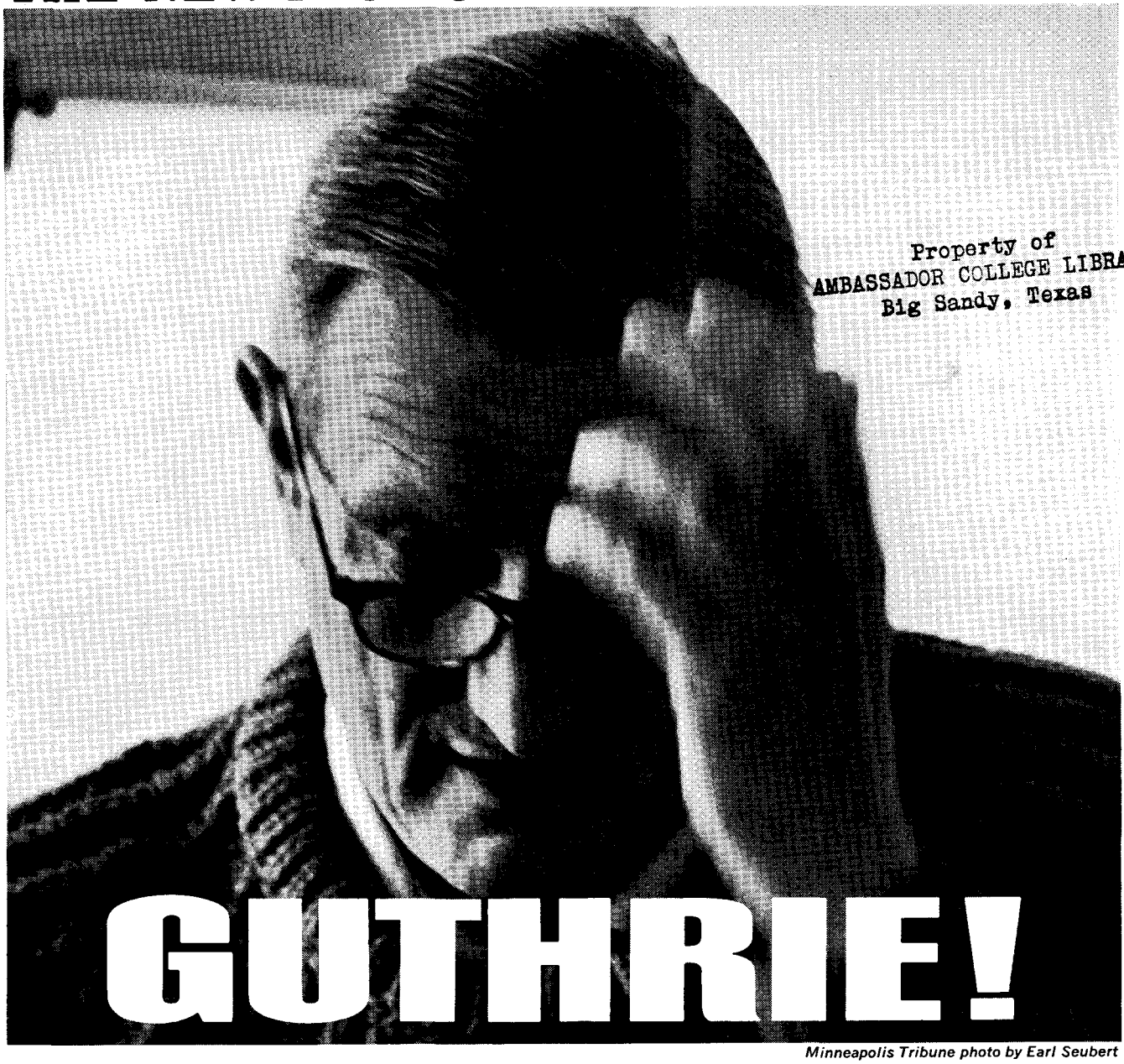

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Minneapolis Tribune photo by Earl Seubert

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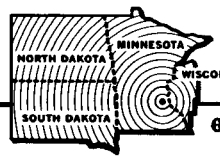

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Saturday Review

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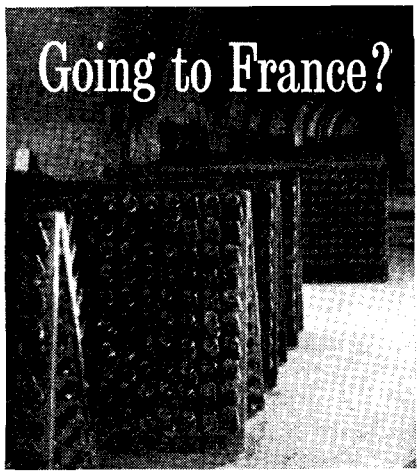

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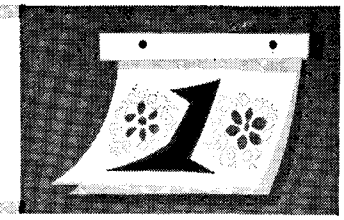
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

LAST MONTH our column about one author's "letterature"—particularly the paragraph on the pending legislation in Washington toward more humane treatment of laboratory animals—brought forth close to 1,000 letters, an extraordinary proportion of which were totally favorable. We did, however, receive two letters from two doctors of Johns Hopkins, Dr. S. Walter Landau and Dr. Michael Colvin, demanding to know our "authority." Herewith, then, following one author's "letterature," is one author's "authority."

• • •

We cite first the most recent testimony on the subject before a Congressional subcommittee (there will be more this month when hearings are held on the six bills now pending):

> Animals are being subjected to pain, fear, and every possible form of suffering. They are being beaten, starved, burned, frozen, blinded, drowned, forced to swim and run until they die, accelerated, deprived of sleep, irradiated, skinned, and subjected to other methods of inducing pain and fear in infinite variety. Nor is this suffering limited to that inflicted during the experiment. Often after undergoing excruciating, painful procedures, they are given little or no post-experimental care to relieve their pain and terror.
>
> It is not unusual to find animals housed in cramped wire cages, without even a solid place on which to sit or lie, for as long as five, or even ten, years.

• • •

When it came to specifics, which the good doctors would undoubtedly prefer as "authority," the testimony was, if possible, even more revotling. At Harvard University, in a burning experiment, dogs were forced to inhale actual flame and were not killed until three to five days after the inhalation. At Columbia University as many as 1,000 blows on each leg were administered to dogs with a rawhide mallet to induce shock. The researchers who performed this experiment stated that three dogs that survived the shock expired "the following day when they were again placed upon the animal board."

It is possible, however, that the good doctors would prefer an example from Johns Hopkins itself—and this, too, we would like to cite as our "authority." Again we quote the subcommittee testimony:

> Since 1928 researchers at Johns Hopkins University have been inducing rage, fear, and other manifestations of distress in cats. In a typical study, the researchers report: "We pinched their tails, their feet, and their ears. We picked them up by the loose skin of the back and shook them. We spanked them and determined their responses to restraint." Postoperatively, "quite intense and prolonged nociceptive stimuli were applied. . . . Such procedures as tying her in the dorsal decubitus on an animal board, picking her up by the loose skin of the back, and vigorously shaking her, spanking her or pinching her tail as hard as possible between thumb and forefinger elicited only a few plaintive meows. When her tail was grasped between the jaws of a large surgical clamp and compressed sufficiently to produce a bruise she cried loudly and attempted to escape. . . . During the 139 days of survival she was subjected, every two or three days, to a variety of noxious stimuli. . . . On one occasion her tail, shaved and moistened, was stimulated tetanically through electrodes connected with the secondary of a Harvard inductorium the primary circuit of which was activated by 4.5 volts. When the secondary coil was at 13, she mewed; at 11 there was loud crying. . . . at the end of the 5-second stimulation with the secondary at 5 she screamed loudly and spat twice. The last of these stimulations produced a third-degree electrical burn of the tail."

• • •

The point of such experiments was at least partially explained by one man who testified that a single government agency, the National Institutes of Health, will finance this year over 12,000 individual research projects—a large number of which, it seems, will also involve research in how to get next year's grant. Worst of all, perhaps, was the testimony concerning the repetition of such experiments—apparently each research project likes to stay so independent it doesn't even communicate its findings to anybody else. At Creighton University the height of irony was reached when, after an excruciating experiment in which dogs were deprived of all food for as long as sixty-five days before dying, it was found that exactly the same experiment had been performed three years earlier at the same institution.

• • •

One experiment at the government's own Walter Reed Hospital did at least have a labeled point. It was called, the subcommittee was told, "A Behavioral Method for the Study of Pain Perception in the Monkey":

> Under anesthesia, wire electrodes were implanted surgically in pain perception areas of the brains of nine monkeys. Several days after the surgery the experimenters began applying electric currents to the brains of the monkeys, which were fully conscious and restrained in steel chairs. The pain was sufficiently intense so that, as the report in *Neurology* says, the monkeys showed "facial grimacing, closure of both eyes, high-pitched vocalization, and generalized motor activity." In other words, the monkeys screamed and struggedly vainly to escape the pain.
>
> The monkeys, however, had a possibility of escape. They could, if they were smart enough, diminish the electric current by pressing a switch. Most monkeys learned to press the switch after about six hours of pain. But then the experimenters strained the monkeys beyond endurance by continuing their tests uninterruptedly for twenty-four hours, allowing the monkeys no food, water or rest during all that time.

• • •

Such testimony, involving what went on at even the most reputable places of research, caused so much speculation about what went on at lesser places as to beggar the imagination.

Nonetheless, so great is the power of the medical and research lobbies that a so-called science writer, Mr. J. D. Ratcliff, could be paid to write for his reader's indigestion: "As a reporter, I have visited hundreds of them [laboratory animal rooms]. Without exception, conditions are much better than those provided most home pets." It is doubtful if a less credible statement has ever appeared in a national magazine. To those who wish to help we suggest they get in touch with all three of the Great Triumvirate of today's humane education leaders—Mr. Fred Myers, of the Humane Society of the United States in Washington, Miss Helen Jones of the National Catholic Society for Animal Welfare, also in Washington, and Mrs. Christine Stevens of the Animal Welfare Institute in New York City.

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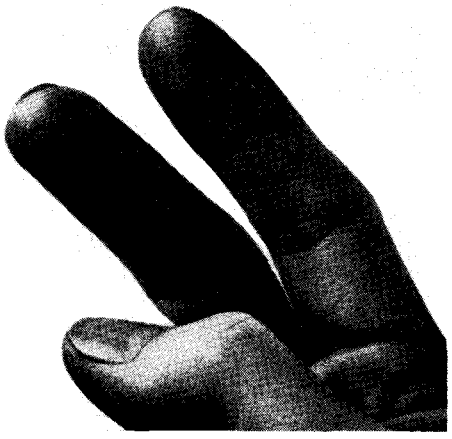

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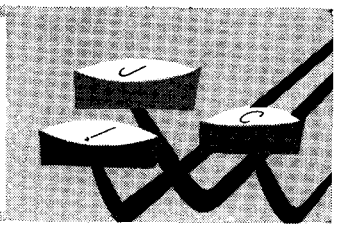
Manner of Speaking



SUBJECT UNKNOWN: A friend of mine recently set me off on a still unidentified ramble into the nature of things, and though I am not at all sure what point I have reached, these are the windings I have wandered:

My friend began it all by remarking that archeologists have never excavated a settled place of human habitation without finding evidence of wine making and wine storage. Though I have no way of verifying his statement, I am inclined to accept in reason what I cannot demonstrate in fact—that fermentation and civilization are inseparable. One may find the rudiments of civilization in some early nomadic peoples, but it seems reasonable to argue that what we understand as the arts, crafts, and civil contracts of true civilization could not get underway until man settled down to live in one place.

But there had to be something to keep him there, and what would be a more likely reason than alcohol? Wandering herdsmen could, of course, ferment goat's milk in leather sacks, and almost certainly did. But for anything like satisfactory drinking, man had finally to get himself a vineyard. Thereupon, having his grapes and grape juice in civilizing quantities, he had to find something better than goatskins to put them in. So—or so at least this argument would run, unencumbered by anything so gross as facts—man's first clay jug of wine gave him his first, most enduring reason for staying home, as well as his best reason for building a safe, cool, and substantial cellar in which to keep his (now plural) jugs. For a man with a goatskin full of fermented milk is free to sling it over his shoulder and catch the next camel to anywhere, but a man with a cozy row of wine-filled amphorae is at once a man of property and of fixed residence.

Distillation is, of course, another, much later phenomenon. A knowledgeable friend, a professor of history, assures me that the Mohammedans had achieved distilled spirits of a sort and that the Irish had achieved usquebaugh, both by the ninth century. With grain in normally short supply, however, such spirits remained rare, he adds, and it was not until the eighteenth century, with the introduction into Europe of the potato, that a plentiful and cheap supply of distilled spirits became available. I join my friend in suspecting that modern civilization may be dated from the development of the distillery, as primitive civilization began at the grape press. On such a reading of history, no man has spoken the gospel more briskly than Bernard DeVoto (*The Hour*, Houghton-Mifflin, 1948):

> The American people achieved nationality and Old Monongahely in a single generation, which should surprise no one, since nations flower swiftly once their genius has budded.

DeVoto, I submit, makes out the best defense yet entered for taking the continent away from the Indians. What could they ever have done with it?

> Concede that they had ingenuity and by means of it achieved a marvel: they took a couple of wild grasses and bred them up to corn. But what did they do with corn? Century succeeded century and, regarding it as a mere food, they could not meet the challenge on which, as Mr. Toynbee had pointed out, their hopes of civilization hung. Across the continent, every time the rains came some of the corn stored in their granaries began to rot. Would it be doom, the Age of Polished Stone forever, or toward the stars? The historian watches, his breathing suspended, and sees the pointer settle toward decline. They threw the spoiled stuff out for the birds, angrily reproaching their supernaturals, and never knew that the supernaturals had given them a mash.

If it is a fact (continues my ramble) that civilization and alcohol are truly twin manifestations, the civil objection to alcohol is, of course, that though one cup restores the spirit, another takes away reason. Since the law should be supreme in all matters touching upon the social contract, let Blackstone be heard (IV, 26):

> It has been observed that the real use of strong liquors, and the abuse of them by drinking to excess, depend much upon the temperature of the climate in which we live. The same indulgence which may be necessary to make the blood move in Norway, would make an Italian mad. A German, therefore, says President Montesquieu, drinks through custom founded upon constitutional necessity; a Spaniard drinks through choice, or out of mere wantoness of luxury; and drunkeness, he adds, ought to be more severely punished where it makes men mischievous and mad, as in Spain and Italy, then where it only renders them stupid and heavy, as in Germany and more northern countries.

Blackstone's is a curiously climatological thesis, and one that perhaps gives special point to our phrase "cold sober." Something in the ethnic tradition of the Anglo-Saxon tends to equate coldness with virtue and warmth with vicious and libidinous inclination. Blackstone's Anglo-Saxon mystique on the matter of temperance and temperature is matched by his views on latitude and lechery when he comments on polygamy (IV, 164):

> Polygamy can never be endured under any rational civil establishment, whatever specious reasons may be urged for it by the Eastern nations, the fallaciousness of which has been fully proved by many sensible writers: but in Northern countries the very nature of the climate seems to reclaim against it; it never having obtained in this part of the world, even from the time of our German ancestors, who, as Tacitus informs us, *"prope soli barbarorum singulis uxoribus contenti sunt"* (almost alone among the barbarians are satisfied by a single wife.)

I wish Blackstone had been moved to carry a bit further the parallel between liquor and libido suggested by these two comments. What, in any case, emerges as the next loop of this present ramble is the ease with which men of any given civilization claim its virtues as their own while passing on its vices to their neighbors. For example, Englishmen call syphillis "the French disease," Frenchmen call it "the Italian disease," and Italians call it "the Spanish disease," each demonstrating the peculiar orthodoxy of Europeans in referring vice and its consequences not only to a neighbor, but to some more southerly latitude.

Perhaps prejudice, like alcohol, is also indispensable to civilization. Of the two, alcohol seems, by much, to be the clearer essence, and the less baneful, for at worst it ruins lives no more than one liver at a time, whereas the drunkenness of prejudice, when carried to excess, leads invariably to the binge of warfare.

And let that (like one of Bobby Kennedy's fifty-mile hikes nowhere) be the end of my ramble – hopefully at some tavern of all souls in which every man drinks moderately to the measure of his life's climate, allowing to everyman his own climate and measure, and passing on to his neighbor no fault he does not recognize in himself.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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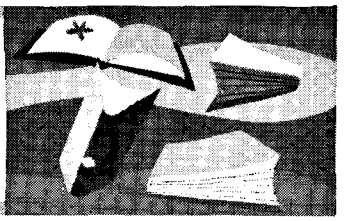
Trade Winds



ACCORDING TO the February 16, 1963, issue of the trade publication *Leather and Shoes*, "some new farces are coming to high posts in the Department of Commerce."

SCIENCE TEACHER Fred Tubbs of Oneonta, New York, has saved a few choice items from papers and assignments turned in by students over the years:

Steam engines have been replaced by the turban.

Louis Pasteur discovered a treatment for rabbis.

An internal combustion engine is an engine inside the car that explodes when started.

In discussing the problem of mental health, one boy wrote, "Too many people get drove crazy. One reason is their nerves."

I HAVE BEEN receiving some fascinating press releases lately. One is from Fleet Publishing Corporation. It calls my attention to a new book called *Apes on a Tissue Paper Bridge*.

Writes the promotion department: "*Apes on a Tissue Paper Bridge* anticipates any mis-managerial ploy and form of brainstorming for personal gain which could possibly occur in big business operations and brilliantly trans-

lates the special language which has been developed to perpetrate such anthropological phenomena as ball-stealing, buck-passing, hospitalizing the chairman's son and placating-higher-up-manship. It is written in the form of lullabies on memo paper to and from the chairman, president and vice-presidential team of a pleasure boat firm. Their memos run the gamut from subliminal exhortation to verbal back-slapping from four-part frugal lullabies to pitieous misericordias and thunderous rex tremendoies of exhortation."

THAT MAGNIFICENT explosion of language was still rattling around in my head when I was subjected to a flurry of press releases from the Information Service of the National Society for the Elevation and Propagation of the Leek, 375 Park Avenue, New York. The guiding force is a Sara Miller Cutting, Executive Directress.

"The leek has been underground far too long," she pointed out in one mailing piece. The leek, she says, is a sort of large scallion that doesn't receive enough attention, and the Society's purpose is to correct this trouble. Romans ate leeks. Writers such as Pliny, Chaucer, and Shakespeare have hailed the leek. It is the Welsh national emblem. Yet Americans virtually ignore it.

One of Miss Cutting's goals is to have us insert the word leek into everyday conversation, though not confusing the scheme with the Washington, D.C., type of leakmanship. She would have us say "in all leeklihood," refer to the Leek of Women Voters, and respond to "Pleased to meet you" with "Leekwise, I'm sure." Each of Miss Cutting's press releases is "for immediate leek," and each one is the result of what is termed "a hastily called press conference." That may explain why I was never invited to one.

One stride in the right direction was made when the head of the Ornamentals and Vegetables Research Branch of the Department of Agriculture wrote the society that "I would certainly appreciate it if you could find a more suitable term for it other than a 'lowly plant.'" The Society now refers to it consistently as "a hardy little vegetable."

I have found out a lot about leeks from all this, but I have not found out just who is benefiting by the publicity. It just *has* to be a plug for *Cleopatra*. Just about everything else seems to be these days.

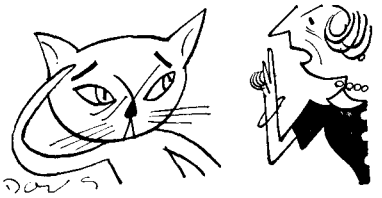
ONE OF THE great peacetime catastrophes of this nation was the Eighteenth Amendment. Just how a country could engage in such a venture will always be something of a mystery and a challenge to historians. Henry Lee's *How Dry We Were* (Prentice-Hall) goes a long way toward explaining it, by delving into the dim past of dry *vs.* wet confrontations, and by bringing the sad saga right up to the date of Repeal (see page 22). It's almost incredible, the foolishness that prevailed.

One funny story in Lee's book concerns John L. Sullivan, who used to lecture about the damaging punch that demon rum could deliver. Sometimes, between lecture tours, even the great fighter himself succumbed. Once he was introduced to a Bridgeport, Connecticut, temperance audience by Mayor Henry Lee (the author's father), who knew of Sullivan's relapses.

"Here, gentlemen," Mayor Lee said with a straight face, "is a man who knows this problem from both sides."

I PASS THIS ON without comment, not wanting to risk the calumny of certain pet lovers. From *The Fabulous Feline* by Milan Greer:

"*Headaches.* Disease, stress and nagging owners can cause a cat to get a splitting headache. Where unusual stress patterns occur in a house, some



cats can even get migraine. Don't give aspirin. He needs rest, peace and quiet."

HERE'S WHAT Calder Willingham thinks of critics. He told an interviewer: "Every year there is a writer who is fashionable. This year it's John Updike. Then some critic will come along and say that Updike overwrites egregiously and before you know it, nobody will like Updike any more, and poor Updike won't know what the hell hit him. He'll learn to just keep on plugging along, and ignore them."

AS A CITY HALL REPORTER, M. G. Butler of St. Petersburg thought he had heard the best of "officialese." But the topper came, he writes me, not from a politician but from an education instructor at a nearby college.

When asked how school boards justified the purchase of carpeting for schools, the man replied, "They allow us to control the environment of the classroom as regards sound."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1520)

E. B. White:
(THE) POINTS OF MY COMPASS

But* unless someone is willing to entertain notions of superiority, the English language disintegrates, just as a home disintegrates unless someone in the family sets standards of good taste, good conduct, and simple justice.

*Word inserted to get the B.

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By Margaret Mead

Recapturing the Future

A distinguished anthropologist speculates on the moral and psychological changes that would result in a world freed from the threat of war.

THE ESTABLISHMENT of a warless world must be viewed in a strictly contemporary light. Whatever can be said now, after the development of totally destructive thermonuclear, biological, and chemical warfare, differs profoundly from anything that was or might have been said in any earlier period of history, either about the beauties of peace or about the horrors of war and its positive by-products—patriotism, bravery, and radical innovation. We must realize clearly how the total context has changed from that envisaged as recently as the beginning of World War II, if we are to appreciate fully our present situation and the rewards that can be reaped by the abolishment of war. Poets and prophets have longed for peace and have extolled it. Religious groups have been formed to work for peace. But these past activities are now essentially peripheral. Even the warlike have always recognized periods without war as desirable. The exhausted have sought for truces, and those who have preferred a quiet life have welcomed them. But once man had invented the idea of warfare, it was certain that there would be new wars as long as some people, some of the time, could benefit by them. Warfare is a system in which the unwilling and the unready are just as firmly enmeshed as are the willing and the ready.

But now, for the first time in human history, war profits no man. There can be no victor and no vanquished. Now, for the first time, we have a genuine opportunity to establish a world-wide rule of law and order. In the past, when men spoke of peace, what they meant in fact was a truce. The Pax Romana and Pax Britannica were no more than conditions within single systems. As long as it was not to every nation's benefit to belong within one system, we could not effectively conceive of such a system and we could not really speak of peace. But even now, when a warless world is within our reach, peace remains a vague and too inclusive word.

What kinds of moral and psychological change might we reasonably expect in the post-Hiroshima period as a result of steps taken to bring about a warless world? By this I mean a world in which resort to force is no longer an acceptable method of resolving disagreements between groups organized as nations, liberation movements, separatist movements, and so on. Such a change does not carry with it, necessarily, any reduction in other forms of violence. Nor will the existence of a warless world, as such, protect men and the human race from other dangers, particularly from the uncontrolled, irresponsible application of science to man's environment, or the relations of man and man, or the relations of one human group and another.

THE first great outcome of a warless world would be a restoration of faith in the continuity of human life in all its rich and manifold forms, of faith in man, his civilizations, and his power to grow and change. Faith in continuity has been essential to the existence of all known societies. Men must believe that the sun will rise tomorrow, that summer follows winter, that the Pleiades and other constellations follow fixed paths across the sky, that the moon waxes and wanes and the tides respond, that where game has been found or fruit has grown it will be found again, that a seed planted in the ground will grow into a plant, which will in turn yield a seed, that a pregnant woman will in due time bear a child, that a child will grow into a man, and that all men and women age and die.

In other species, the behavior necessary for maintaining life—for guiding a group to food, for rearing and protecting the young—combines instinct and learning. Each small cue, a change in temperature or wind or light or form, sets off the next behavior. The hibernating bear is not asked to believe, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" It depends, instead, upon the cues given by the regularities in nature.

BUT man long ago shifted from an instinctive, day-by-day dependence on light and temperature and humidity to a dependence on his power to imagine, and describe in words, whatever was absent—the unborn babe, the flowering plant, the coming winter. For other creatures, continuity is provided by the complex ecological setting, in which their fate is determined by the balance of their own and other species and the long-term effects of climactic periodicity. But man has made his own world. He learned, and taught his children, that seed must be planted, gardens tended, and the harvest brought in; he learned when the fish would appear, when the herds of buffalo would sweep across the plains. No single part of the complex equipment which a human being needs in order to believe in and anticipate his own growth and to deal with the world, natural and man-made, is left to nature alone. All man's protective knowledge has become cultural — man-made and man-taught—and is correspondingly fragile.

And men have always had difficulty

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in trusting their culturally created beliefs in the future, their confidence in the dependable regularities of the world they were slowly learning to understand. From the young mother who tiptoes in to assure herself that her newborn baby is real, to the peoples who beat drums and make sacrifices for fear the sun may disappear when the sky darkens in an eclipse, men have had recurrent doubts. And recurrently, men's doubts have been fed by accidents, by ignorance, by false assumptions about the sequence of events.

BUT as men have gained mastery over nature through their ability to calculate distances in time and space, to understand natural sequences, and to invent the means of conquering hazards, from the earliest astrolabes to our modern warning systems that protect hundreds of thousands of lives in a severe hurricane, men's faith in the regularity of the natural world also has increased. In the modern world, wherever science was an integral part of experience, there was a tremendous upsweep of faith in the future. Ships could churn across the seas, airplanes could be guided to their destinations by instruments, blueprints could be drawn up for huge dams, a calendar of the moon's rising and setting could be printed for centuries ahead, drugs could give sick or frail children the gift of life. Men's sense of continuity rose to a high point, and the need for magical or religious intervention in the routines of daily life dropped precipitously. Men still prayed for grace. But the desert blossomed as the rose, and soon it might not be necessary to pray for rain but only to resolve the conflicts between the farmer who wanted a real downpour and the baseball team that did not.

Then, with staggering impact, came the atom bomb, the hydrogen bomb, the intercontinental missile, the manned space ship, the implications of fallout for this and every future generation. The source of man's contemporary faith in the continuity of human life was no less powerful as the source of its destruction. Within a single decade, human beings were asked to learn that all the assurance that had been based on scientific knowledge had been shattered by the very knowledge in which they trusted. They had to learn that there is no assurance of continuity.

This new crisis that mankind faces collectively is comparable only to the crisis which, over and over, small groups of men have had to face as each group has approached some understanding that death is natural—that individual death is neither an accident nor a punishment nor the outcome of a hostile act by some living being, but only a natural event. For millennia men have struggled to come to grips with this knowledge; most recently, as they have talked about the possibility of curing all disease, they have had to struggle with the implicit, irrational hope that death itself might be conquered.

But now all hope, and with it all certainty, is placed in jeopardy. The threat is not that of individual death or the heroic sacrifice of a whole army or even the destruction of a civilian population, heroically patient under bombing; it is not the loss of country or the destruction of a civilization or even the annihilation of all the art and beauty man has made. It is *all* these things, together. In the past, the end of individual human life was made tolerable by the faith that some part at least of what a man valued would endure. But now this faith is threatened with extinction. Without a future for anyone, anywhere, human life loses its meaning. There is no rationale for the simplest act, no reason to save or to plan or to build; no reason to vote or to sit in committees; no reason to plant or to pray. As men see it, this new possibility of total destruction is not an act of God's vengeance turned against a particular unfaithful people but instead an act that is the outcome of man's fullest development as man.

A disarmed and ordered world would lift this fear, in its most acute form, from the hearts and minds of men. It would restore their full humanity by restoring, in a new form, their belief and trust in the future and so also their capacity to exercise their imagination. In a warless world men would have time to come to grips with the terrible responsibilities of their new estate.

The one thing we cannot do is restore the past; the change brought

This article is the sixth in *SR*'s continuing symposium on the problems and promises of a warless world. The previous articles in the series, with the dates of their publication, are as follows:

"How to Change the World Without War," by Arnold Toynbee (May 12, 1962)

"Order and Change in a Warless World," by Walter Millis (September 15, 1962)

"Can We Afford a Warless World?" by Kenneth E. Boulding (October 6, 1962)

"International Change in a Warless World," by Arthur Larson (November 17, 1962)

"Solving the Inhuman Equation," by Grenville Clark (February 16, 1963)

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about by our capacity to destroy ourselves is permanent. Monitoring for tests, destroying the actual bombs, ceasing to manufacture fissionable materials for the purposes of war—these are only absolutely essential steps to prevent immediate catastrophe. But the bomb, in the sense that it stands for man's newly acquired powers of destruction, is here to stay. The need for vigilance against the exercise of this power to destroy—to destroy the earth's food supply, to contaminate the atmosphere, to make the earth uninhabitable, to distort every infant born, to paralyze men's wills—this will be no less present in a warless world. In the foreseeable future, the tapping of virtually inexhaustible supplies of physical energy can make it unnecessary for men to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. This will not alter the necessity, in the foreseeable future, of protecting all living things from the human species' own scientifically acquired powers of destruction. But in a world from which the pall of fear has been lifted, men's minds will be freed to meet this new requirement.

Beside the tremendous consequences of restoring to mankind a trust in the continuity of life, the other by-products of the abolition of war pale to insignificance.

The abolition of war would resolve the age-long conflict between the admonition that it is wrong to kill another human being and the belief that it is right to kill an enemy. As long as warfare was little more than a running feud between two small groups, gratification of the desire for prestige and satisfaction of the impulse of revenge through fighting and killing could be safely enough built into the character of the headhunter, the warrior, the loyal member of a family or a band. But as the scale of civilization increased, warfare necessarily became increasingly impersonal. Organized invocations of their imagination bound men to fellow subjects or fellow citizens whom they had never met. Impersonal symbolic ideas defined not only those who were their fellows but also those who were their enemies and might be killed by sword or spear, by Greek fire or battering ram, by swift attack or slow, relentless siege. And in a world in which one's fellows and one's enemies must be numbered in the hundreds of millions, there can be no real relationship between man's individual aggressive response to the threatening posture of another male (whatever this may once have been) and the requirement of killing an enemy, personally unknown and unseen, located perhaps hundreds or thousands of miles away. Nevertheless, man still retains his ability to translate into deeply meaningful symbols his primitive impulse to protect his women and his children as well as to symbolize the threat which men, unknown to him as persons, present to his women and his children, his home, his country, his religion, his highest values.

IT would seem that the intractable element in human nature that has been involved through the ages in organized warfare is just this blind, sacrificial willingness to defend what one values—at any cost. Large modern states have more or less effectively disciplined the human impulse to settle individual differences and disputes and to right individual wrongs, by first fighting or knifing or dueling or shooting. But far from curbing man's impulse to fight for whatever he holds dear, modern states have gone to great lengths to create sets of symbols that will be dependably effective in rousing the willingness to defend one's own.

This means that warfare, especially warfare in which the total population is involved, is based not on man's impulse to destroy but on his desire to protect. This makes the problem of how to establish psychological equivalents for war a much easier one. For every society—and a world-wide society more than any other—depends for its continued existence on the active vigilance and the cherishing care of its citizens.

In fact, the new powers that science has put into men's hands require new and more difficult forms of vigilance—more complex, more organized, more exacting. A Manus man who wanted to protect his pregnant wife from eating food cooked on a fire made of wood that was taboo to her had an easy task in comparison with that of the modern man who is trying to protect his wife and unborn child from the unknown dangers of some new and as yet little-tried drug. The Manus man had only to watch over his fire and his own wife's comings and goings. But to protect his wife and child, the modern man must involve himself in activities that concern the welfare of all the women not only of his own country but also of the whole intercommunicating world.

This will require an even greater use of symbolization. But since we have already been able to educate human beings to regard hundreds of millions of persons, few of whom they will ever see, as fellow citizens or as enemies, we have reason to believe it will be possible to extend our symbolic loyalties to include the whole human race. But there is, of course, the danger that symbolic hostility, based on the physical reality of personal experience, can just as readily be enlarged to include larger segments of mankind.

One probable effect of the removal of the ever-present threat of war may be an increase in other kinds of organized aggression. For war not only used violence as its sanction, but also served as a sanction against violence. The specter of external attack has frequently served to muffle sectional disputes, just as a quarrel between two members of a group is muted in the face of some attack upon the group as a whole. As yet it is impossible to estimate the extent to which the idea of a common, shared danger acts to support group solidarity. Group solidarity is, of course, not entirely dependent on a belief in its effectiveness in averting threats of war, but the threat of war is one element in averting the outbreak of internal conflict. It is important to recognize, therefore, that the creation of an international police force, whose duty it will be to prevent the kind of conflict that once was settled by war, may have very little effect in muting the kinds of conflict that, far from leading to war, actually were prevented by war or a continuing fear of war. Within national states—and today even within larger regions—the clash of interests between management and labor, between rival trade unions or rival producer organizations, between rival fishing fleets or rival airlines, can lead to conflicts that governments have held down quite effectively in wartime and less effectively in peacetime; and, unless measures are taken to control them, such conflicts may well increase rather than abate with the abolition of war.

THIS is not because human beings have a given amount of aggression and hostility that must find an outlet in some form. It is rather because, as nations have been built up, the national interest, expressed in terms of the dangers from external enemies to which all members of the nation are exposed, has been included as one important element in local peacekeeping structures. The very success of efforts to bring about a warless world will necessitate innovations in internal peacekeeping structures.

It is also quite possible that there may be an increase in individual acts of violence. This is particularly likely in the period immediately after disarmament, when it will be necessary to cope with a generation that was reared to respond with extreme partisanship and unconcealed hostility to special symbols standing for friend and foe. The years since World War II have been marked by a sharply mounting number of small, dangerous acts of anarchy—terrorist

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bombings and bombs hidden in civilian planes, the formation of secret subversive organizations, the piratical seizure of ships and planes, "invasions" by fleets of ten motor launches, etc. In part it has been difficult to bring such activities under control because, in the precarious state of nuclear armaments and competition among power blocs, it is believed that active intervention by any of the great powers might trigger a nuclear war. The state of nuclear blackmail encouraged small-scale anarchy.

It is equally probable that the administrators of a warless world, preoccupied by the problems of putting into effect the controls designed to maintain world peace, may be relatively impotent to control acts of individual or small-group violence directed to minor political and criminal ends. Most countries have resorted to one or another form of internal military action to keep such activities in check. But dissident factions in a nation's armed forces sometimes have initiated or supported anarchical activities, and others have been kept under control by an overriding *esprit de corps*. The dangers of individual violence may be increased by the dissimilarities in experience among the member nation-states. Some will have in their populations many men who know of no life other than that of arms; some will be less than a generation away from tribal raiding or border warfare; some will include minority groups who are just beginning to assert their rights.

It may well be that this increase in local, intra-national, and intra-regional violence and disorganization will constitute a major hazard to the commitment to law that will be necessary for the maintenance of a warless world. Just as many people rejoiced because Mussolini made the trains run on time, so a demand for local order may run counter to the demand for world order.

The abolition of the use of armed force will by no means lead to the abolition of other types of competition and conflict, or to attempts to resolve these through the application of various kinds of pressure. Here again, however, conflict does not represent some new outbreak of innate hostility that must find expression. Rather, it represents the existence of social institutions and various kinds of social situations which, because of their style, generate opposition and aggression against opponents, instead of cooperation.

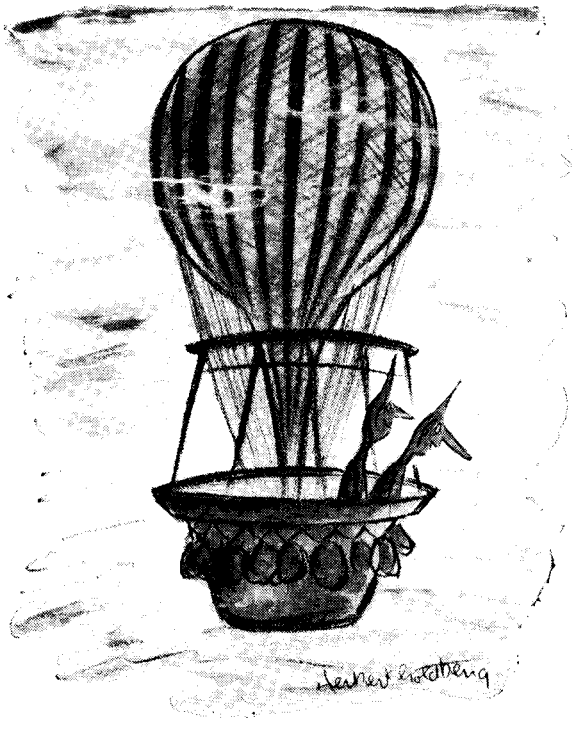
Furthermore, unless continuous precautions are taken, men in one part of the world may seek to alter the common environment without regard for the rest of the planet's people. The absence of military force may also tempt the enterprising into a subtler warfare for control of the minds and souls of their fellow men. New opportunities provided by the application of science will provide new temptations to exploit others. Certain new discoveries, especially those that make it possible to preserve life in grossly distorted or deteriorating forms, present moral problems that have barely been glimpsed by the ingenious constructors of utopias and counter-utopias.

IN A warless world a great mass of unsolved problems will suddenly stand out in high relief. Old and new, they represent a challenge and a guarantee that men will not be able to sink into easy overdomestication and dull security. On the contrary, it is the threat of nuclear catastrophe and annihilation that is today producing apathy and withdrawal. In wartime people breed heedlessly; under nuclear threat they are walling themselves into small suburban refuges against dread and despair. Only a restored faith in the future can give men the strength and will to commit themselves to the hard work of making a viable world community.

The development of nation-states with enormous urban populations underwrote science and, having made modern warfare possible, in the end made it intolerable. At the same time men were further and further removed from those qualities of strength and skill and endurance that for millennia had stood them in good stead. Nevertheless, however much the small boy was rebuked for fighting and for cruelty, however much he was enjoined to cooperate with his classmates, to drive carefully, to keep his feet dry, however much he was hemmed in and made to sit still, the mere knowledge that he might one day be called on to expend every ounce of his physical strength and skill and even lay down his life for his country, gave some symbolic support to his masculinity. For many men this possibility served in some measure as a surrogate for hardships and dangers that were never faced: the dangers of the jungle and the sea and the windy heights of mountains; wild beasts; hunger and thirst; and the challenge of his own equals, unflinchingly faced, man to man. The extraordinary bravery of city-bred, poorly exercised, inexpert draft armies testifies to the partial effectiveness of this surrogate.

In a warless world, this will be gone. It will be necessary then to give all boys, healthier and more robustly grown than any earlier generation, new ways and much greater chances to test their mettle and the extent to which they can expect their bodies to stand up to trials of strength, skill, poise, and personal danger. It will be necessary, in effect, to establish a different kind of physical life. In taking away war, which had been transformed into wholesale annihilation for which men could only wait, passively, we may, indeed we must, give human beings a much closer relationship to their own bodies.

As long as man's need to contend with and match his strength against that of his fellow men was epitomized by his behavior in war, we saw it as based largely on hostility rather than as a measure of and a symbol for a young male's delight in growth. What we need most are political and physical equivalents for the functions that war has served in promoting the interests of human groups and men's pride in their relationships to groups of their fellow men. Given these, man's psychological need to display skill and courage, to protect and contend for all he values and loves, can be channeled in new directions. Free from the threat of war, exploration of outer space and the depth of the seas awaits his efforts.



"I'll bet we're thousands of years ahead of any other civilization . . ."

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The Prisoners of Context

ONE of our readers, John W. May, an insurance company executive in Hartford, Connecticut, has written to us about a striking experiment in human behavior in which he and his colleagues were recently involved.

The insurance executives had come together at a country resort, where they could consider important company matters in a quiet and congenial setting. One of the subjects for study and discussion was concerned with the phenomena of human response under certain conditions. A consulting psychologist led this particular discussion. He asked the executives to participate in an experiment, the purpose of which was not immediately disclosed.

From the twenty-four executives, four were sent to a separate room. Then the remaining twenty men were told that their job would be to recommend company policy for dealing with an important hypothetical situation. To facilitate the discussion, these men were divided into four units or teams. Each team would consider the problem separately and present its own set of recommendations.

No particular difficulty was experienced by the teams in discussing the problem by themselves or arriving at a statement. It took no more than two hours for all four teams to produce their separate drafts. These drafts were similar in many respects. Then the teams were asked to select one draft from the four as company policy. The process of final selection was as follows: Each team would select a captain or representative. The four captains would get together around one table. In back of each captain would sit the members of his team, in the manner of a United Nations conference. The captains would carry on the discussions or negotiations. The other members would not take part directly in the talks, but they could confer privately with their captains and send them memoranda.

The discussion among the captains began amicably enough, for their positions were not far apart. Gradually, however, the differences widened and then hardened. There was a perceptible change for the worse in the tone of the discussion. Invariably, when one of the captains indicated a willingness to give ground, the men in back of him would direct him to stand firm. Mr. May, as one of the captains, told his team that he saw no great gap between its own draft and the draft presented by another team. His recommendation was immediately rejected and he was instructed to insist on the superior merits of his draft.

The discussion became more intense and began to reflect a certain degree of bitterness, fatigue, and even hostility. Each group became increasingly convinced of its own wisdom and rectitude. At the end of only an hour, there were four fully developed sovereign camps, with no prospect of compromise or even a conciliatory approach. The conference ended in failure.

At this point, the four men who earlier had been detached from the group and who, it developed, had been working on a related assignment, were brought into the room. Their assignment had been to decide on criteria for judging the statements. These men, acting as judges, were now given all four statements on which the teams had failed to agree. In a matter of a few minutes, applying the predetermined yardsticks, they were able to select a draft.

The purpose of the experiment was now fully clear. The psychologist had demonstrated that groups quickly develop inflammatory egos. Out of these egos spring ambition and hostility as naturally as sparks from a piece of trailing metal under a car. Each group tends to take on the character of the more inflexible of its members, especially when they uphold the superiority of their group against another.

A related lesson growing out of the experiment was that participants in a dispute can generally be trusted to widen their differences in the absence of a third party or agency that can calmly apply objective criteria to the matter in dispute.

In sum, almost everything depended on the context in which each participant found himself. But a man whose responsibility was to define a clear set of principles would be motivated by a desire to apply them.

The basic fact emerging from the experiment, therefore, was that the context in which a solution to a problem is sought can be the most vital part of the solution.

After the experiment, the men reflected on it and were appalled by the ease with which their personal relationships had been dented. In just a few hours, the congenial air of the earlier discussions had been shattered. Men who formerly enjoyed mutual respect now were not so sure of one another. For days after the experiment, in fact, it was difficult to avoid regarding a man as a member of an opposing team rather than as a colleague in the same company.

• • •

As I began to read Mr. May's report, there came to mind a vivid recollection of summer camp life. Toward the end of the season, there would be a "Green and Gold Week." The campers would be divided into two starkly competitive groups. Every bit of adolescent strength and ingenuity went into that conflict, along with all the hostility that young people could muster. How I prayed, in the weeks preceding the Green and

(*Continued on page* 49)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DISTINCTIONS

I SALUTE Robert Lewis Shayon for his indignation over the Merrick-Taubman incident on the *Tonight* show [*SR*, May 11]. It sounds both unforgivable and outrageous. But the idea of producer David Merrick ruining Howard Taubman's career as drama critic of the *New York Times* seems ludicrous. . . . There is small reason to believe that the people for whom Mr. Taubman writes can't distinguish between conscientious, scholarly, warmly felt theatre criticism and bad taste and self-exploitation.

LAURIE JOHNSTON.
New York, N.Y.

LEGISLATION FOR LABORATORIES

IN HIS FIRST OF THE MONTH column [*SR*, May 4], while replying to an inquiry about proposed federal legislation for protection of laboratory animals, Cleveland Amory aimed charges at the biomedical professions that would be difficult to substantiate if the rigorous standards of medical research were applied to their possible truthfulness. The author's casual reference to "ridiculous repetition" of experiments misses an important point: often it is difficult to judge just which experiment is ridiculous. Furthermore, his comment about "callous indifference" to suffering reflects lack of familiarity with research workers as well as research. . . .

ARNOLD GILBERT, M.D.,
Kansas State Board of Health.
Topeka, Kan.

CLEVELAND AMORY HAS inflicted unprovoked and, I believe, unfair damage to the field of biological science by his comments on federal legislation for humane treatment of laboratory animals.

There can be no argument about the desirability of eliminating unnecessary suffering for laboratory animals. We all support this. The controversy concerns the means to secure this end. In my opinion, with the exception of H.R. 4843 (Roberts bill), all of the pending bills seriously overshoot the mark and would hamper humane treatment for humans by delaying or even preventing scientific research. Specifically, the bills referred to are S. 533 (Clark-Neuberger), S. 1041 (Randolph), H.R. 4620 (Ashley), and especially H.R. 4856 (Randall).

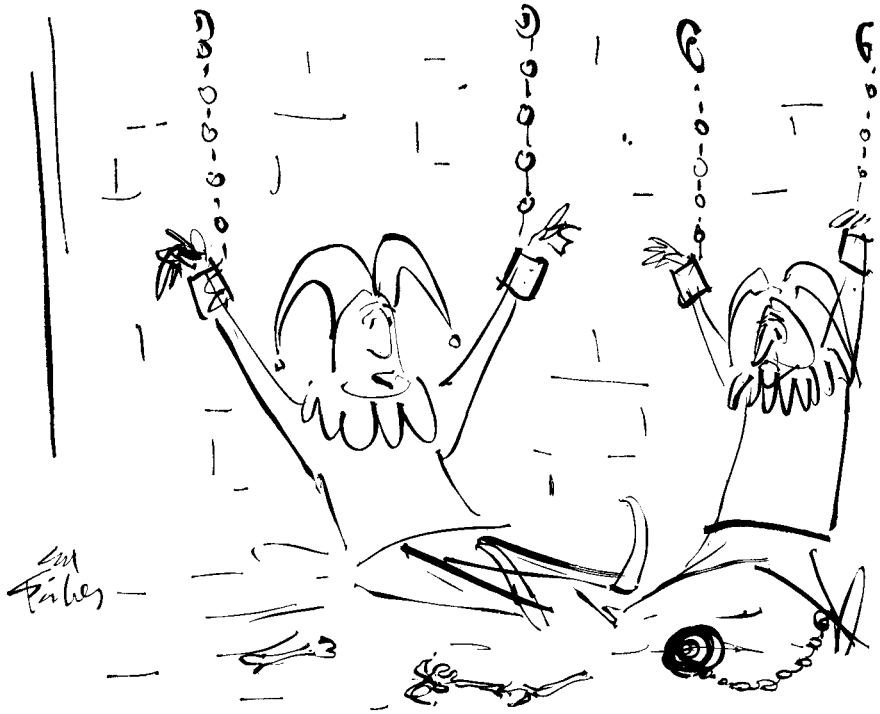
Each of these bills is quite restrictive and by implication challenges the purposes for which the scientist performs experiments. They deal not with humane care as such but with motivation, results, and record-keeping. Thus they are really anti-vivisectionist rather than designed primarily to provide good care for animals.

Proponents of restrictive legislation often state that much animal research is either unnecessary because it could be done another way, or of poor quality because the results are not significant contributions. These positions reflect a lack of involvement with scientific thought and scientific progress. . . .

Of course some experiments will be repetitious and some will be pointless. But the few excesses are a very small price to pay for the bulk of creative and useful scientific endeavor. . . .

LAURENCE FINBERG, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For further comment on this subject by Mr. Amory, see page 6.*



"I guess the satire craze is over."

THE INNER MAN

I WAS INTERESTED in John Mason Brown's discussion of the Theatre of the Absurd in his article "What's Right with the Theatre" [*SR*, May 11]. Mr. Brown did not, however, focus on the writings of Beckett, Ionesco, Adamov, Genet, Pinter, the earlier Albee, and others as essentially a Theatre of the Unconscious, which they are. It is the unconscious that is absurd, illogical, magical, and primitive; and the dreamlike, poetic, concrete images projected onto the stage by these playwrights portray the inner reality with the "grotesque, tragi-comic horror" described by Martin Esslin.

Audience shock occurs precisely because, as Mr. Esslin says, the "Theatre of the Absurd speaks to a deeper level of the audience's mind. It activates psychological forces, releases and liberates hidden fears and repressed aggressions," and confronts the audience "with a picture of disintegration."

As Ernest Jones wrote in *Hamlet and Oedipus*, Hamlet's paralysis of action arises from "that reluctance to dare the exploration of his inmost soul, which Hamlet shares with the rest of the human race. 'Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.'" Until the individual can communicate with himself, he cannot communicate with others. In the same way that Sigmund Freud wrote that he had "disturbed the sleep of the world" by demonstrating that man is guided by unknown forces, so the writers of the Absurd present the audience with creative possibilities to explore the inner unknown and to grow in the process.

THOMAS E. STONE.
Huntington Station, N.Y.

BOOKS ABROAD

DOESN'T ANYONE besides me get tired of having Communism used as a threat over our heads to give, give, give? I refer especially to your National Library Week article "To Fill the Reading Gap" [*SR*, Apr. 27], by Edward R. Murrow. It seems to me that an appeal for books for the "underprivileged" nations is sufficient unto itself—particularly for *SR* readers.

SHIRLEY DORR.
Berkeley, Calif.

ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH

THE PHOENIX NEST outdid itself with the fabulous "Advertisement" by Margaret Bennett [*SR*, May 11]. I read it while riding the subway, and I can't remember the last time I laughed so hard and loud in public. It is a gem. I'm willing to bet that some smart businessman will make a million with the idea just because people will buy anything for a gag.

PEARL GREENBERG.
New York, N.Y.

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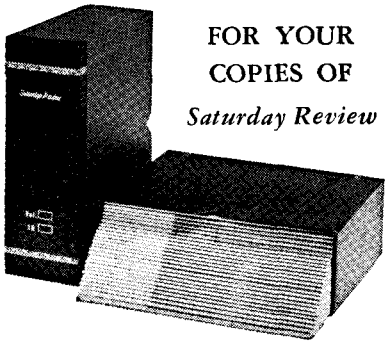

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Spring Cleaning

LOOKING through the current crop of releases, one is inclined to wonder if they were actually released, or did they simply escape? Or were they perhaps put out to make room on the shelves for the newer, longer pictures promised for later in the summer? Best of a bad lot—indeed, the best bad film of the year—is the British-made production of *Dr. No*, featuring Ian Fleming's answer to our own Mickey Spillane, super-sleuth James Bond. As interpreted by blue-jowled Sean Connery, he is irresistible to women, indestructible by man. He can take care of himself with guns, knives, or bare knuckles, and is the world's greatest escape artist since Hairbreadth Harry. Although Bond takes on the assignment of ridding the British West Indies of the unspeakable Dr. No (Joseph Wiseman) with the utmost solemnity, it is just possible that director Terence Young had his tongue in his cheek most of the time.

Actually, the film takes off in the taut, elliptic style of a superior British thriller. A secret agent is shot to death within minutes of the opening title; another is murdered in the midst of short-waving an all-important message to London. Bond, summoned from his favorite bar, is handed the assignment. But no sooner is he in Jamaica, the scene of the crime, than the pace slackens. Once he is on the job, no one —neither the director nor his trio of writers—knows quite what to do with him. The snares and pitfalls they devise come straight from the penny-dreadfuls. Connery meets each wild improbability with such grim inflexibility, however, that one is soon shouting warnings to him as at the Saturday afternoon serials. And while I'm not at all sure that this is precisely what director Young had in mind, it makes *Dr. No* a thoroughly enjoyable experience—for the audience participants, at least.

The indefatigable Jerry Lewis, who produced, directed, wrote, and stars in *The Nutty Professor*, is a good deal more forthright when it comes to comedy. When he plays a scene for laughs, by George you know it. And when he has a homily to deliver (make the best of what you are) he has no hesitation about stopping the picture, walking over to a microphone, and pouring it out straight. The result is an occasionally amusing hodgepodge that seems specifically designed to dilute its ingenious springboard notion, a switch on the Jekyll-Hyde theme. When Lewis is the "nutty professor," he is dim-witted, dim-sighted, and all but inarticulate, with Hyde's monkey hair and protuberant teeth; but when he drinks his home-brewed potion, he is a sleek, suave swinger—and completely unbearable. The script asks us to believe that the girl (Stella Stevens) really prefers the former Jerry Lewis. Actually, so does Lewis.

Come Fly with Me is no less determined to be a comedy, but a comedy in the modern manner, with persiflage in place of pratfalls and a trio of smartly dressed girls (Dolores Hart, Pamela Tiffin, and Lois Nettleton) in place of a baggy-pants comic. The girls are airline hostesses who spend more time with the officers on the flight deck than passing out their coffee, tea, or milk. Well, when one of them discovers that a first-class passenger is really a baron, she sets her flight cap for him—even after she learns that he is also a first-class diamond smuggler. Romance seems to blossom in the tourist cabin as well, at least until the hostess discovers that Karl Malden is a Texas millionaire forty times over. It's little things like this that keep the picture spinning from one gay, picturesque airline stopover to the next. But for anyone cursed with even partial recall, lines, situations, and scenery are apt to prove frightfully familiar. And you know what that breeds.

The same brand of synthetic humor may be observed, if one is so minded, in *Island of Love*, in which Robert Preston, a promoter type from the States, tries to convert a lovely Greek island into a tourist trap by salting its surrounding waters with ancient offerings to Venus. Preston is his usual frenetic self, but fast talk is not the same as brisk dialogue. And even Tony Randall, one of our ablest young comedians, is unable to poke any fun into his customary role of disconsolate sidekick. But in Georgia Moll—and the Greek islands—the Technicolor cameras at least have something worth watching.

Altogether, it's a sad packet that the producers have collected to cheer us into the summer solstice. Remember the days when comedians had bulbous noses, or little moustaches, or a frozen phiz, and could make you laugh just by appearing up there on the screen? Perhaps what we are really lacking today is not comedy writers, but comics. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Birth of a Bard

WHATEVER else he may be, and he is much else, Vladimir Nabokov is a sly fox, always up to tricks. Ever since coming to America, he has delighted in mystifying his readers—in *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, in *Pnin*, in *Lolita*, and especially in *Pale Fire*. This last is not, in my opinion, what Mary McCarthy called it —"one of the very great works of art of this century"—but it is a masterpiece of mystification. Here we have a long poem, and a very respectable poem, with an even longer commentary by a madman, and behind poem and commentary one discerns a variety of possibilities. In her review in *The New Republic* Miss McCarthy sometimes seemed to be making up her own story, but perhaps that is just what the reader is supposed to do.

Nabokov has had two careers as a writer, as well as a career as an entomologist and a career as a teacher. Born in Russia in 1899, he spent the Twenties and Thirties in Germany and France, and wrote nearly a dozen books, novels and collections of short stories, in Russian. Then, in 1940, he came to the United States, taught at a number of colleges, and began writing in English. His mastery of the language —and, as I observed in my review of *Lolita* (*SR*, Aug. 16, 1958), of the American vernacular—is a pure marvel.

Several of the Russian books have been translated at one time or another, and now we have *The Gift* (Putnam, $5.95)—"the last novel I wrote, or ever shall write, in Russian." The first chapter was translated by Nabokov's son, the other four by Michael Scammell, and the whole thing was carefully revised by the author. Certainly the style shows his touch.

The novel, which was finished in 1937, tells about a young Russian poet, Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev, an emigré living in Berlin and supporting himself by doing translations and teaching languages. He has just published a volume of poetry, and the first part of the book is mostly concerned with his poems and their reception, and with his relations with a variety of emigré intellectuals. There is then a long, impressive section describing Fyodor's father, an explorer and entomologist. Fyodor writes a book about Chernychevski, a nineteenth-century critic and revolutionist, and this is given in full. Meanwhile Fyodor is carrying on a rather tepid affair with a girl named Zina. When the novel ends, he is gathering his forces to write just such a book as *The Gift*.

Even then, twenty-five years ago, Nabokov was playing tricks on his readers. The novel begins in the first person, the "I" being Fyodor; but in a little while Fyodor is being referred to as "he," and the alternation of first person and third person continues through the novel. One never knows what to expect. Fyodor goes to a literary affair, and, we are told, leaves in the company of a poet named Koncheyev, with whom he discusses various literary matters. Suddenly, at the end of the chapter, the "I" pops up and says, "Whose business is it that actually we parted at the very first corner, and that I have been reciting a fictitious dialogue with myself as supplied by a self-teaching handbook of literary inspiration?"

The book is full of humor. The biography of Chernychevski, for instance, seems to be a joke, though the point is far from clear to one who knows little of Russian history and literature. There is also wit of a more comprehensible sort. Here, for instance, is an account of a literary critic:

> The local Valentin Linyov, who from issue to issue used to pour out his formless, reckless, and not altogether grammatical literary impressions, was famous not only for not being able to make sense of the book he reviewed but also for not having, apparently, read it to the end. Jauntily using the author as a springboard, carried away by his own paraphrase, extracting isolated phrases in support of his incorrect conclusions, misunderstanding the initial pages and thereafter energetically pursuing a false trail, he would make his way to the penultimate chapter in the blissful state of a passenger who still does not know (and in his case never finds out) that he has boarded the wrong train.

There is a good deal of this sort of thing that the reader can enjoy, but the book as a whole is tough going. That is not primarily because of Nabokov's

(*Continued on page* 48)

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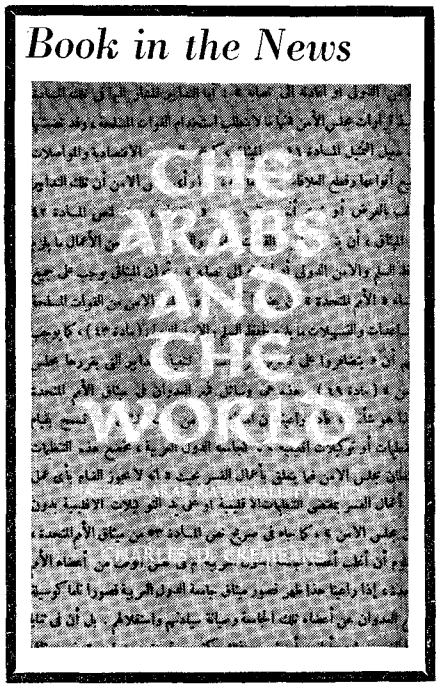
Book in the News



Dream of the Nile

The Arabs and the World: Nasser's Arab Nationalist Policy, *by Charles D. Cremeans (Praeger. 336 pp. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.50), examines the Egyptian president's foreign policy and its international implications. William H. Stringer is Washington bureau chief of The Christian Science Monitor.*

By WILLIAM H. STRINGER

A FOUR-YEAR period of stalemate-and-stability has ended in the Middle East, and the question confronting the U.S. State Department is whether President Gamal Abdel Nasser can add two or more stars to the flag of his United Arab Republic—in addition to the three stars produced by the April 17 agreement to federate Egypt, Syria, and Iraq.

The added stars would represent Jordan (*sans* King Hussein), Saudi Arabia (*sans* King Saud), and Algeria (*sans* Tunisia and Morocco). They might also represent bloody turmoil. For if Hussein's Jordan collapsed, Israel would almost certainly march swiftly to occupy Jordan up to the west bank of the Jordan River, thus expanding Israel's dangerously slim waist. Whereupon Egypt might bomb Israel with its Soviet planes, and Israel would call to Washington for assistance, and the Middle East would once again be a cockpit of danger. Even if the firebrands were stayed, a move by Algeria's Ben Bella to join the U.A.R. would wreck the Maghreb dream of a North African federation embracing Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria, and perhaps Libya. How far can President Nasser mold the future?

The central ingredient in all this Middle East churning is the magnetism, the charisma—and the statesmanship—of Nasser, for he is the chief shaker and mover among the awakening peoples in their crowded cities, irrigated valleys, desert wastes, and oil-rich coasts. Charles D. Cremeans seeks to examine this Nasser pulling-power, together with the myriad crosscurrents, in his tightly knit book *The Arabs and the World*—a volume that derived its first impetus from sessions of Council of Foreign Relations experts acquainted with the Middle East.

Mr. Cremeans taught at Assiut American College in Egypt, served in North Africa during World War II, worked with the U.S. Embassy and U.S. Operations Mission in Egypt during the 1950s, and is presently a government consultant on Middle Eastern affairs. He views the Arab attitudes through the prism of Nasser's policies.

Nothing succeeds like success, and Nasser's new federation has sent diplomats to rereading his brief book *The Philosophy of the Revolution* to see if it is a *Mein Kampf* blueprinting a plan of conquest. It isn't, though it shows Nasser to be concerned not alone with the Arab states but with the larger concentric circles representing Africa and, beyond that, the entire Moslem world. Mr. Cremeans finds little evidence that Nasser can extend his sway far into Afro-Asia. The early verve of the Bandung sessions is fading, and Israel is doing a better job than Egypt in extending technical assistance to the new countries of Africa below the Sahara.

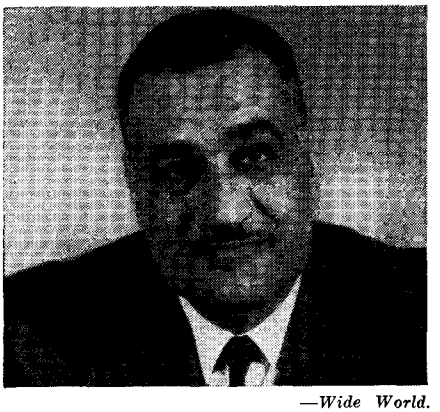
YET in the narrower Middle East circle, with perhaps an extension to Algeria, the gathering momentum is a force to reckon with. The United States finds its dealings with Nasser more comfortable now that Moscow has suffered serious setbacks in the killing and jailing of Communists in Iraq and Syria. But Washington usually seeks to ride two horses: tentative support for President Nasser as a "wave of the future" figure, and earnest efforts to maintain the area's status quo, embracing the house of Jordan and, most particularly, the oil sheikdoms on which Britain and Western Europe heavily rely. At the moment an uncertain calm seems to be returning; but this could change overnight, even as Mr. Cremeans's book is outdated by the new U.A.R. federation, which, however, he anticipates.

Given a breathing spell to reconsider, should American policy change at all? The United States has invested some $628,000,000 in foreign aid to Egypt in the 1946-62 period, while Moscow has been building the mammoth Aswan Dam. Washington has sought to damp down the arms race between Egypt and Israel, but sold Hawk air defense missiles to Israel after the U.A.R. acquired surface-to-surface missiles from the Soviet bloc. Now Egypt is being assisted by German scientists in building a few rockets akin to the old Nazi V-2s, though apparently without nuclear warheads. And speculation persists that Israel is accumulating fissionable material at its hush-hush nuclear reactor near Beersheba.

As Mr. Cremeans makes clear, there is no simple solution to maintaining peace in this arena. The U.A.R. will doubtless continue to seek trade and aid from both Moscow and Washington, and President Nasser will find prestige in hobnobbing with Tito and Nehru. Meanwhile the United States will continue its efforts, increased under the Kennedy Administration, of keeping an eye on Arab aspirations.

THE author suggests certain steps for the U.S.: Washington should "present the United States as a dynamic country still working out its revolution and sympathetic to the problems and needs of developing countries"; it should "encourage fruitful and meaningful cultural and intellectual exchange," "acknowledge the right of states to follow a policy of nonalignment and neutralism," "convert the struggle against Communism into an effort to encourage independence and progress," and "maintain a neutral position between the Arabs and Israel."

These are helpful ideas. The problem is how to apply them correctly when Radio Cairo is calling for "death to Hussein," and some Israeli officers are said to be pondering preventive war.



—*Wide World.*

Gamal Abdel Nasser—"prestige in hobnobbing with Tito and Nehru."

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The Split-Level Tower

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life, *by Richard Hofstadter (Knopf. 434 pp. $6.95), charges our society with being hostile to the life of the mind and to those who are considered to represent it. Daniel J. Boorstin is professor of American History at the University of Chicago and author, among other books, of "The Americans: The Colonial Experience."*

By DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

THOUGH they seldom agree on anything else, today's intellectuals share the axiom that the rest of the community is "anti-intellectual." This was a battle-cry of the so-called New Conservatism of Russell Kirk and of those far to his right. We have often heard it from party-line Communists. It was the lament, too, of the "liberal" intellectuals who shared the martyrdom of Alger Hiss. It became a leading article in the creed of disappointed academic supporters of Adlai Stevenson, who proudly wore the epithet "egghead" and complained that "New Dealers were displaced by car dealers." Until now, however, we have not had a full-scale, scholarly effort to prove that "anti-intellectualism is pervasive in our culture." Richard Hofstadter's heavily documented, quotation-studded volume undertakes the task. Here is the long-awaited indictment.

In his other books (for example, *The American Political Tradition and the Men Who Made It*) Professor Hofstadter, who is among our ablest historians, has given us some of the brightest, wittiest, subtlest, and most readable interpretations of our past. The qualities of this volume—solemnity, petulance, sententiousness, and appeal to cliché—are therefore no fair measure of the author's great talent. They do, however, unwittingly reveal a great deal about the subject. For if an indictment by an advocate of Professor Hofstadter's brilliance and learning is no more persuasive, we may be confirmed in our doubts whether the accused is guilty of the alleged crime.

His first difficulty is defining the subject. What is "anti-intellectualism"? "The common strain that binds together the attitudes and ideas which I call anti-intellectual is a resentment and suspicion of the life of the mind and of those who are considered to represent it; and a disposition constantly to minimize the value of that life." Like other crusaders against "anti-intellectualism," Professor Hofstadter purports, of course, to defend the higher values of American civilization. But actually, what worries him most is the reputation, status, and privileges of "intellectuals" as a separate class.

In his effort to "put flesh on the bare bones of definition" he proceeds (unfortunately in the language of the courtroom) to offer twelve "exhibits," from "A" to "L." All except one come from the years since 1950. A number are simply beside the point. For example, ("Exhibit C") President Eisenhower's willingness in 1957 to appoint Maxwell H. Gluck, who had contributed heavily to the Republican Campaign Chest for 1956, as ambassador to Ceylon, despite Mr. Gluck's inability to recall the name of the prime minister of Ceylon, can only facetiously be called a symptom of contempt for "the life of the mind."

Professor Hofstadter arraigns ("Exhibit D") Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson for his statement to a Senate Committee in 1954 that if there was to be pure research it should be subsidized by some other agency than the Department of Defense. Yet strong, rational arguments could be marshaled for this position; and many (whom even Professor Hofstadter would not call enemies of "the life of the mind") might argue that a government agency like the Department of Defense is one of the worst possible places for pure research. "If you know what you are doing," Secretary Wilson said, "why, it is not pure research." Thorstein Veblen and other champions of the play of idle curiosity could endorse this definition.

Many of the rest of the "exhibits" come from the crackpot or near-crackpot right. Professor Hofstadter quotes at length from Frank Chodorov, who wrote *The Income Tax: The Root of All Evil,* and who, not surprisingly, dislikes all economists who disagree with him. Then we have the inevitable quotation from Senator Joseph R. McCarthy about how some people with "the finest college education" have become traitors, and two selections from the right-wing *Freeman.* But somehow the author does not manage to find even a single exhibit for his chamber of horrors from any spokesman for the Democratic Party.

WE see the limits of Professor Hofstadter's point of view by his use of President Eisenhower's impolitic, off-the-cuff statement during a Republican meeting in Los Angeles in 1954: "It was a rather comforting thought to have this labor leader saying this [agreeing with me], when we had so many wise-cracking so-called intellectuals going around and showing how wrong was everybody who don't happen to agree with them. By the way, I heard a definition of an intellectual that I thought was very interesting: *a man who takes*

"Ralph, are we as happy as we should be?"

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more words than are necessary to tell more than he knows." (Professor Hofstadter's italics.) But the actual argument of the President's speech was that the more facts people know the more apt they will be to make a correct decision. The CIO United Auto Workers Local in South Bend, he recalled, had accepted a Studebaker Corporation proposal for a pay cut when the facts showed the proposal to be in their interest. The point President Eisenhower was laboring at (however ineptly) was that, while he had no faith in people who set themselves apart as an intellectual élite, he did have faith in an appeal to knowledge when it was adequate to and relevant to public issues. Professor Hofstadter fails to give the reader this context.

The body of the indictment repeats the familiar two-pronged accusation: Americans have failed to honor (and have even feared) a special class of intellectuals; at the same time they have vulgarized scholars, professors, scientists, and writers by drafting them to help solve community problems. Professor Hofstadter carries this argument through a survey of the history of religion, politics, culture, and education. His loudest laughs are, of course, reserved for "the businessman," but the farmer or the labor unionist typically is not much better. They, too, seem constantly fearful that a theoretical class will distract them from their practical ends.

According to Professor Hofstadter, the "educationists"—those who since the 1870s have fought for the mass high school, and the followers of John Dewey—have also helped dethrone the "life of the mind." The National Education Association's Committee of Ten in 1893, he reminds us, was headed by Harvard President Charles W. Eliot and included the Commissioner of Education, four more college or university presidents, headmasters of two élite secondary schools, and only one public high-school principal. The new committee in 1911, expressing the rising wave of "anti-intellectualism," had quite another complexion. No more college presidents or private-school headmasters; its chairman was a teacher at the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn. "The new Committee of Nine was a group of men from public secondary schools, putting pressure through the N.E.A. on the colleges."

Professor Hofstadter hardly asks what, if anything, has been purchased by the dissolution of the intellectual class. He recalls, of course, that democratic evangelical religion has produced very little theology, that American politicians are less genteel and cultivated than they may have been, that "self-made" men have not always encouraged respect for education, that the mass high school and the spread of higher education have diffused a desire to teach practical techniques not prized in the English "public" schools or in the classics-ridden European universities.

But each of these "evils" is the obverse of a characteristic achievement of democratic society. Professor Hofstadter does not enumerate the advantages of our peculiar freedom from both clericalism and anticlericalism; he does not ask whether an equalitarian society, the abolition of slavery, or the struggle for Negro rights could have succeeded without the push of these "anti-intellectual" sentiments. He does not suggest how a democratic political life can be accomplished by leaving politics in the hands of an élite. He hardly considers the values of widening literacy, or the deepened sense of community responsibility derived from our local control of public education. Nor does he give anything like a rounded view of the American faith in education; nor more than a hint of the increased opportunities for self-fulfilment and intellectual exploration encouraged by this country's system of mass-education.

PROFESSOR Hofstadter has surely proved that American society is not perfect. Who ever thought it was? But he has also shown that one of its peculiar problems may be the quest for perfection by advocates of the pure, detached "life of the mind," whose view of their whole society is distorted by their loss of honored status.

The book's conclusion, "The Intellectual: Alienation and Conformity," is again significantly directed not at the place of thought in American life, but at the special personal problems of the class-conscious American "intellectual." Will he join "the cult of alienation"—to be a Bohemian or a beatnik? Or will he join "the cult of conformity"—and be only another businessman or a mere "mental technician"? Professor Hofstadter offers no solution nor any solace. He concludes in sadness, almost in bitterness, with the unpersuasive hope that somehow, even in the United States, the thinking class may rediscover its solidarity.

Rather than a plea of "not guilty," the proper reply to Professor Hofstadter's indictment is "*nolo contendere.*" For to admit everything he says is still no confession of pervading evil in our civilization. The truth is, the American intellectual today cannot discover where he belongs precisely because he belongs everywhere. As never before, he is welcomed in industry and in government. No wonder that the yearner for the pure "life of the mind" now finds no place to please him here. He must learn to live in and with and by and for his community. This great opportunity for the American intellectual may be an unprecedented chance to lose his life that he may gain it. Ideas are too important to be left to mere intellectuals.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SPOILSPORTS

Not all writers approve of fun and games, witness these animadversions assembled by Lysander Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, who asks you to assign the correct criticism to the correct critic. The score card is on page 48.

1. We now come to the subject of basketball, a game unknown in England—hence the term "Merrie England." ( ) Oscar Wilde
2. A stick and a string, with a fly at one end and a fool at the other. ( ) H. L. Mencken
3. Athletes do their thinking while their bones mend. ( ) P. G. Wodehouse
4. The English country gentleman galloping after a fox—the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable. ( ) W. S. Gilbert
5. If I had my way, no man guilty of golf would be eligible to any office of trust or profit under the United States, and all female athletes would be shipped to the white-slave corrals of the Argentine. ( ) John Ciardi
6. Deer-stalking would be a very fine sport if only the deer had guns. ( ) Jonathan Swift

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A Goad to Economic Growth

A Primer on Government Spending, *by Robert L. Heilbroner and Peter L. Bernstein (Random House. 120 pp. $3.50), bears on Administration proposals for dealing with our present economic problems. Edward C. Bursk is editor of Harvard Business Review, as well as the educational director of the International Marketing Institute.*

By EDWARD C. BURSK

ROBERT HEILBRONER and Peter Bernstein are writing here not about government spending in the sense of how the government spends, but of why the government should spend; and not of why the government should spend in general, but of why it should spend in the specific circumstances of supply exceeding demand and workers outnumbering jobs. Thus *A Primer of Government Spending* is of today, and bears directly on President Kennedy's proposal to use the federal budget as a stimulus to economic growth. It is an interesting, informative, and important book.

Further, it is lucid and persuasive. Businessmen who fear deficit spending by the government—and there are many such—will find much to correct their ingrained prejudices and (frankly) misconceptions. For the fact is that most economic authorities, both in and out of business, now accept the desirability, indeed the necessity, of the government's making planned use of taxation and spending powers to keep the economy on a sustained and upward trend. And there *is* too much overcapacity and unemployment, and too little economic growth today.

But readers should be on guard, lest in accepting the fundamental truths presented by this book they overlook one important issue and a number of attendant realities.

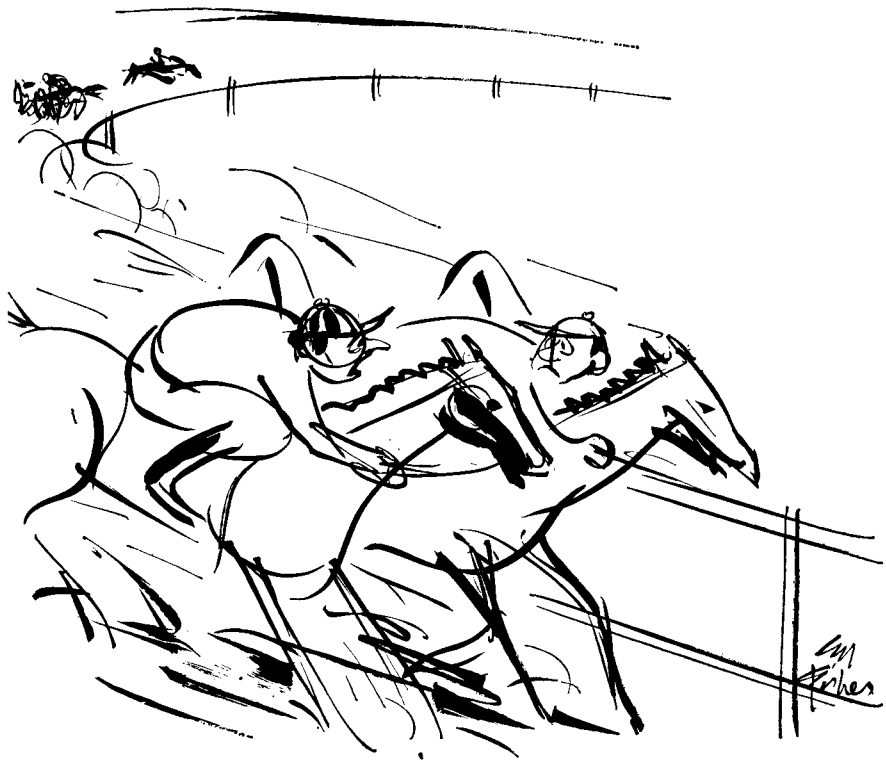
Granted that either the government or business collectively must make up for any lag in consumer spending, the issue is: which can do it most effectively, as a practical matter? Logically, government action should be quickest, most concentrated, and therefore most effective. But everything depends on two psychological factors, not logical, perhaps, but real nevertheless, when people react psychologically instead of logically. First, will consumers spend what the government gives them in reduced taxes or increased wages (via government purchases of goods and services), or will they simply increase their savings? And, second, will businessmen respond to the promise of increased consumer buying with additional business spending and hence employment, or will they hold back out of fear and uncertainty, however misguided and based on misunderstanding?

One school of economists holds that the major initiative must come from demand in the consumer sector; the other stresses the equally if not more important role of investment decisions in the business sector. Both schools cite statistics showing a relationship over the years between business investment and economic growth; and certainly both consumer demand and business investment are necessary ingredients. But knowing that two lines run parallel on a chart doesn't tell us which one is dominant.

Moreover, just because something happened in the past, it doesn't necessarily follow that it will happen exactly that way again—that is, unless the circumstances are also parallel. Today there may be two important differences. In the consumer sector, most people are living comfortably above the level of physical needs and buying (including use of savings and credit) on more of a planned, long-run budget basis than heretofore. In the business sector, investments and marketing expenditures are being made on a calculated, long-run, return-on-investment basis. So responses either to direct stimulation of consumer spending or to direct encouragement of business investment may be less spontaneous and immediate than in the past.

What is needed, in addition, is confidence, whether in assured employment or in profitable enterprise; and one of the problems is to take action that, once started, will be ongoing and cumulative in its effect, rather than having to be repeated continually in larger and larger doses, thus sapping confidence. This is not to say that either economic school is more right than the other; probably they both are partly right, and, obviously, both depend on a host of other factors that influence habits of living and thinking, ways of making judgments and decisions.

So those who read this book—and anyone who is not an economist should



"—I've got a wife and five kids—this is the last day to save the mortgage —my brother needs an operation—Mom's being dispossessed . . ."

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read it if he wants to understand national events — should remember that more is involved than fiscal logic. However, I should like to caution the reader that the counter-argument against deficit spending given in the appendix to *A Primer on Government Spending* is not a realistic presentation of the best thinking that disagrees with the Administration's philosophy or proposed action, and hence it is ridiculously easy for the authors to refute.

Nonetheless, this book performs a notable service to all segments of our society and, if widely read, will assuredly increase the total understanding of the government's crucial role in our well-being. Heilbroner and Bernstein are experienced thinkers, respected for their former contributions to clarifying the dynamics of the economy. This time the authors, both teachers at the New School, have outdone themselves in wise and original exposition.

They Knew What They Wanted

How Dry We Were: Prohibition Revisited, *by Henry Lee (Prentice-Hall. 244 pp. $4.95), recalls our celebrated attempt to enforce sobriety by law and its sometimes luricrous, sometimes disastrous results. Quentin Reynolds's autobiography, "By Quentin Reynolds," has just been published.*

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

IN 1777 the Continental Congress urged the various state legislatures to "pass laws for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling grain by which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived." The state legislatures ignored the suggestion. In 1917 the U. S. Congress voted to submit an Eighteenth Amendment to the state legislatures for ratification. This time the opponents of John Barleycorn had much better luck. Thirty-six states did ratify the amendment, and in January 1920 Prohibition became the law of the land. It remained so for thirteen years. And it is the story of those thirteen riotous, violent, hypocritical years that Henry Lee tells in *How Dry We Were.*

Mr. Lee is a highly respected feature writer on the staff of the New York *Daily News.* He covered the Prohibition era as a young newspaperman, and here he has supplemented his own remarkable memories with tremendous research. This book is not only authentic but often brilliantly satirical, and just as often hysterically funny. There isn't a dull page in *How Dry We Were.* Reading it will be a nostalgic experience for those who lived through the incredible period, and an exciting adventure for those who were too young to have enjoyed the benefits of The Great Experiment.

During the first two years of Prohibition efforts to enforce the unenforceable law were rather half-hearted. Lee points out that in the beginning there were only 1,500 Dry agents, hardly enough to cover the 19,000 miles of our continental borders and coastlines.

> So the stuff poured in; streams of smuggled booze became rivers, then the rivers crested and the strong-smelling floods of good cheer inundated our defenses.
>
> And Canada—ah, Canada! On this continent, the water sources are in the north, and the great rivers flow southward, and whiskey obeyed this irresistible natural law.
>
> During the second year of our self-caused drought, Canadian Customs reported that about 8,200 gallons of whiskey and less than 200,000 gallons of malt liquors were exported to the U.S. Six years later, the whiskey gallonage was more than 1,100,000; the malt liquor exports to us almost 3,900,000 gallons. Further, these statistics represented only Canadian-made potables.

A great portion of this arrived by boat, and Mr. Lee tells in detail of the exploits of such imaginatively named rum-runners as *Allegro, Arethusa, Rosie B, Com-an-go* (once a U.S. torpedo boat), *Black Duck* (Coast Guard guns killed three of her crew), and *I'm Alone* (which earned an estimated three million dollars for her anonymous owners). The last-named was skippered by the colorful Captain John Thomas Randall, a Canadian citizen who had been a lavishly decorated naval hero in World War I. Once when a Coast Guard cutter ordered him to stop, he roared: "I'm the master of my ship and I don't take orders—I give them." He escaped that time. To reveal what happened afterward to this courageous sea adventurer would be to cheat the reader of one of Lee's most fascinating anecdotes.

—*From the book.*

Carry Nation—"thirteen riotous years."

The author cites many horrible examples of injustice perpetrated by the courts during this period. There was Fred Palm, for instance, a Lansing, Michigan, barber, in whose car were found two pints of liquor and in whose home was found a partly filled bottle of gin. He was sentenced for life to hard labor in the Jackson Penitentiary (the same punishment meted out to murderers in Michigan). Three other men and one woman, a mother of ten, received similar sentences in Michigan. Later, Governor Fred W. Green reduced the sentences to seven and one-half to fifteen years, not exactly, as Lee says, "the penultimate in gubernatorial charity."

COLORFUL characters such as Izzy Einstein and Moe Smith, two Dry sleuths who raided between fifteen and twenty speakeasies a week, stalk the pages of *How Dry We Were.* They boasted that few of the 4,932 violators they arrested bore them any animosity. Mr. Lee also introduces us to such men as Owney Madden, Big Bill Dwyer, Vannie Higgins, Dutch Schultz, and a great many others of the élite bootlegging fraternity. And we meet the ebullient, brassy Texas Guinan and the incredible Belle Livingston, who operated a lush, sophisticated establishment and who always claimed that she was born under a sunflower in Emporia, Kansas.

Mr. Lee, a superb reporter, ends his wonderfully colorful chronicle with these words:

> No doubt, we wandered into the experiment in an almost childish spirit of unrealistic idealism, but as the realities dawned we extricated ourselves democratically, peacefully, with ballots alone. When the Drys fell, we did not turn their own axes on them, nor did they skulk in the caves plotting a violent counter *putsch.* Prohibition proved that, loud as we sometimes are, we are civilized.
>
> It was, Lord knows, a test of national character. We survived it.

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EXPLORERS OF THE EGO AND ID

Inner Life in an Outer-Space Age

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, *by C. G. Jung, recorded and edited by Aniela Jaffé, translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Pantheon. 398 pp. $7.50), presents as a paradigm of the human quest for consciousness the Swiss psychiatrist's own inner-life history. Edward F. Edinger, M.D., is a practicing Jungian analyst.*

By EDWARD F. EDINGER

AS A child, the famous Swiss psychiatrist, Carl Gustav Jung, was lonely and frequently misunderstood. But from an early age he had a remarkably rich inner life. In spite of (or perhaps because of) an unhappy family situation and a sense of isolation at school, he had a number of significant dreams and fantasies that served an important stabilizing function. Thus, from his boyhood years he was in creative contact with the healing powers of the unconscious. In the spring of 1957, when Jung was eighty-one years old, he began telling his life story to Aniela Jaffé, who served as amanuensis and editor for this posthumously published work. A most unusual autobiography, it records a continuous dialogue, with progressive differentiation, between Jung and the unconscious.

Memories, Dreams, Reflections pays scant attention to outer events unless they evoke inner meanings. It is the autobiography of a depth psychologist —a new kind of scientist who attempts to study objectively the workings of the soul, especially his own soul. It is the autobiography of a realist (in the sense of medieval philosophy), one who experiences the universal patterns of existence as living, spiritual realities. Finally, it is the autobiography of an introvert, a personality type for whom subjective experience carries more value and meaning than outer events and physical factors. If the reader brings to it an affinity for such matters, he will find the book immensely rewarding, perhaps a landmark in his life.

The depth psychologist must make his discoveries first of all within his own psyche. His theories derive unavoidably from his subjective experience. To the extent that subjective experience is also universal and typical, it can lead to a valid general theory. The Freudian theory of psychoanalysis is based largely on what Freud discovered in his own personality. Similarly, as this book makes evident, Jung's psychological theories derive to a large extent from his inner experience. These memoirs can thus be taken as a kind of sourcebook for Jungian theory.

In his theory and in his practice Jung's major concern was to relate the individual to what he called the archetypes—the suprapersonal factors in the psyche. The effect of Jung's work has been to enlarge man's conception of himself and to restore to the individual that sense of cosmic significance which was lost in the decline of religious belief. He writes:

> The decisive question for man is: Is he related to something infinite or not? That is the telling question of his life. Only if we know that the thing which truly matters is the infinite can we avoid fixing our interest upon futilities, and upon all kinds of goals which are not of real importance. . . . The more a man lays stress on false possessions, and the less sensitivity he has for what is essential, the less satisfying is his life. He feels limited because he has limited aims, and the result is envy and jealousy. If we understand and feel that here in this life we already have a link with the infinite, desires and attitudes change. In the final analysis, we count for something only because of the essential we embody. . . .

—*Aniela Jaffé.*

C. G. Jung—"search for wholeness."

Jung, who died in 1961, specifically requested that this book not be pub-

(*Continued on page* 49)

FROM the beginning I had a sense of destiny, as though my life was assigned to me by fate and had to be fulfilled. This gave me an inner security, and, though I could never prove it to myself, it proved itself to me. I did not have this certainty, *it* had me. Nobody could rob me of the conviction that it was enjoined upon me to do what God wanted and not what I wanted. That gave me the strength to go my own way. Often I had the feeling that in all decisive matters I was no longer among men, but was alone with God. And when I was "there" where I was no longer alone, I was outside time; I belonged to the centuries; and He who then gave answer was He who had always been, who had been before my birth. He who always is was there. These talks with the "Other" were my profoundest experiences; on the one hand a bloody struggle, on the other supreme ecstasy. . . .

When I was working on the stone tablets, I became aware of the fateful links between me and my ancestors. I feel very strongly that I am under the influence of things or questions which were left incomplete and unanswered by my parents and grand-parents and more distant ancestors. It often seems as if there were an impersonal karma within a family, which is passed on from parents to children. It has always seemed to me that I had to answer questions which fate had posed to my forefathers, and which had not yet been answered, or as if I had to complete, or perhaps continue, things which previous ages had left unfinished. It is difficult to determine whether these questions are more of a personal or more of a general (collective) nature. It seems to me that the latter is the case. A collective problem, if not recognized as such, always appears as a personal problem, and in individual cases may give the impression that something is out of order in the realm of the personal psyche. The personal sphere is indeed disturbed, but such disturbances need not be primary; they may well be secondary, the consequences of an insupportable change in the social atmosphere. The cause of disturbance is therefore, not to be sought in the personal surrounding, but rather in the collective situation.

—From *Memories, Dreams, Reflections.*

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The Evil One Led the Bands

The Devil to Pay in the Backlands, *by Joao Guimaraes Rosa, translated from the Portuguese by James L. Taylor and Harriet de Onís (Knopf. 494 pp. $5.95), introduces to English-speaking people a distinguished Brazilian novelist, who tells of marauding chiefs and ruffians in a lawless state. Harvey L. Johnson, professor of Spanish and Portuguese at Indiana University, is the author of several books and numerous articles of literary criticism.*

By HARVEY L. JOHNSON

DURING the nineteenth century conditions in the *sertão,* the backlands of the northern half of the State of Minas Gerais, were turbulent with lawless bands of armed ruffians warring against each other and against the government's military forces. Ignorant Brazilian peasants and bold adventurers attached themselves to the marauding chiefs, who pillaged and murdered at will. The corruption of the political officeholders, who often had the bandits in their employ, the prostitution of the courts, and the poor peasants' struggle for the barest necessities all contributed to the turmoil. *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands* recalls, in the memoirs of an old man, the exciting happenings of this period, when as a youth the narrator led a life of violence and waged war. Crossing on horseback the seemingly endless rivers, deserts, mountains, and plains, men battled the forces of nature along with the enemy. A superstitious people, they also battled the seductions of the Evil One; again and again the old man wonders whether he, like Faust, made a pact with the Devil —in his case to be able to do away with a cutthroat.

In his introduction to this edition the eminent Brazilian novelist Jorge Amado calls *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands* one of the greatest books produced in his country: "brutal, tender, cordial, savage, vast as Brazil itself, the image of Brazil drawn by a writer with a consummate mastery of his craft." And, indeed, certain qualities distinguish the novel, which is both romantic and realistic, as a work of art: its fresh and striking imagery; its direct, unique manner of narration; its occasional alliteration, onomatopoeia, and rhyme; the pulsating life that animates every page. However, the prominence in Brazilian literature that the book has enjoyed since its publication in 1956 owes more to Guimarães Rosa's masterful depiction of the boundless hinterland than to his character delineation or his plot. Consisting of a series of experiences almost complete in themselves, and related in a rambling—if, to be sure, natural—fashion, the story line is at times somewhat difficult to follow.

Born in 1908, Senhor Rosa obtained firsthand knowledge of a region with "its own criminal code . . . where the strong and the shrewd call the tune" as a country doctor in northern Brazil Two years before he began his diplomatic career, he experienced in the civil war of 1932 campaigns and bloody battles like those so vividly described in *The Devil in the Backlands.*

The book has also been translated into German and French. James L. Taylor and Harriet de Onís here use a conventional style, which reads well but fails to preserve the tone of the original language with its colorful imagery, although, admittedly, it would be an almost superhuman task to render the exact flavor of the idiomatic expressions, proverbs, archaisms, and words coined by the author.

Eca de Queiroz—"master craftsman."

The Pharisees of the Parish

The Sin of Father Amaro, *by Eça de Queiroz, translated from the Portuguese by Nan Flanagan (St. Martin's. 352 pp. $5.95), presents an unflattering view of the clergy in a nineteenth-century provincial town in Portugal. William L. Grossman, a member of the faculty of New York University, has translated works by Machado de Assís.*

By WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

"THE PORTUGUESE," said Emile Zola, "have a great writer equaled by very few in France; I am referring to Eça de Queiroz." Now one of Eça's earliest novels, *O Crime do Padre Amaro,* is added to his several other works available in English. Published originally in 1875 and extensively revised in later editions, it tells the story of a love affair between a young priest and one of his parishioners.

But this novel is more than a love story. It is a critical study of Catholicism as practiced in a provincial Portuguese town. Eça gives us a sharp picture of the *beatas* (sanctimonious women), who take up a great deal of the priests' time and whose religion, according to Eça, is little more than a shallow compound of neuroticism and superstition. He saves his heavy artillery, however, for the clergy themselves. Only one of the priests whom we come to know in the book can be called a man of God. The others are variously guilty of gluttony, vindictiveness, and blasphemy; two carry on affairs with *beatas,* and one is a rapist. Yet the book is certainly not anti-religious, and is anticlerical in only a limited sense. As the good priest in the novel says at one point, "The man didn't write against the priests, he wrote against the Pharisees!"

The influence of French naturalism is seen, not only in the description of the environment and behavior of Eça's characters but also in the personality of the young priest, Father Amaro. Eça has been criticized for the internal contradictions in Amaro, who is cynical yet troubled in conscience, sentimental toward the girl yet coldly calculating in his efforts to enjoy relations with her without much regard for her or any-

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one else's welfare, distraught at the tragic outcome of the affair but in good spirits again within a short time. One might reply on Eça's behalf that such apparent inconsistencies exist in human nature, and that the denial of them would itself be inconsistent with the realism that Eça sought to achieve.

In any case, the book is a powerful piece of writing by a master craftsman, and I recommend it as such. The long period between its publication in Portuguese and its translation into English is one more proof of our reluctance to recognize the existence of a glorious Portuguese-language literature which, whether in Portugal or Brazil, is close enough to familiar traditions to be quite intelligible to us. In the words of Federico de Onís, "we can be sure that if Eça de Queiroz had written in French or English, he would be universally considered one of the major novelists of the nineteenth century."

Legacy of the Rio Grandees

No Castanets, *by Caryl Brahms (Macmillan. 250 pp. $4.95), lightheartedly recreates the establishment of Portugal's royal family in Brazil after its flight from Napoleon. Harriet de Onís, translator and critic, recently returned from a lecture trip to Brazil under State Department auspices.*

By HARRIET DE ONIS

—*From the book.*

CARYL BRAHMS has had a merry caper reconstructing in *opéra bouffe* style the flight of the Portuguese royal family and court to Brazil in the face of Napoleon's invasion of the Iberian Peninsula, and its establishment of an overseas capital in Rio de Janeiro. It is gay, lively, and highly inaccurate; but the publishers have forestalled criticism by stating on the jacket that "this delightful extravaganza" is not for sober historians.

This reviewer is not a historian, sober or otherwise, yet it does seem that a few warning signals should be hoisted to keep the reader from being completely misled.

Dom João (referred to in this book as Dom Juan), crown prince of Portugal, may have been torpid and slovenly, but he was no fool. The fact that his mother, the queen, was mad and his wife a termagant of loose habits was not remarkable in the royal courts of the day. Portugal, centuries earlier a pioneer in the fields of discovery, exploration, and colonization, could claim the distinction of setting up the first "government in exile." Craven though his flight to Brazil seems to Mrs. Brahms, Dom João did not hand over his realm to the enemy, as did his father-in-law and fellow-ruler of the peninsula, Charles IV. He who fights or runs away may live to fight another day, and Dom João was back on the throne of his Braganza ancestors after the sun had set at St. Helena on Napoleon's dreams of empire.

It may be true, as the author writes, that the royal family and their retinue descended on Brazil like locusts; but in the final analysis the benefits outweighed the disadvantages. Dom João founded the Royal Theatre and opened to the public the Royal Library he had brought with him. He established schools of medicine and fine arts, the Botanical Gardens, and a printing press. All this represented a great advance for what had until then been primarily an agricultural and mining colony.

When in 1821 Dom João returned to Portugal to resume the crown he had never laid aside, he left his son, Dom Pedro I, to rule Brazil under the tutelage of that country's ablest statesman, José Bonifacio de Andrada e Silva. So complete was Dom Pedro's adaptation to Brazil that in 1822 he declared its independence of Portugal. Under him and his successor, Pedro II, that vast land that could so easily have broken up into half a dozen countries remained united, and solved its problems, from the abolition of slavery to the dismissal of the emperor, without bloodshed or revolution. This seems almost a miracle, but there must have been human intervention, too, and not that of knaves or fools.

Perhaps the Brazilians were as glad to be rid of the Braganzas as Mrs. Brahms alleges, but certainly no hard feelings have remained. Relations between the former colony and the mother country could hardly be more cordial.

Murderers All: Jean Cau, the son of a laborer from the south of France, came to Paris in 1944, just after its liberation from the Germans. He was nineteen at the time, and had had a solid French high school education. Three years later he was secretary and factotum for Jean-Paul Sartre, and from that post he moved on to be a reporter for *L'Express*. Two years ago Gallimard published his novel *La Pitié de Dieu*, which won Cau the Prix Goncourt for 1961, and which now appears in an English translation by Richard Howard as **The Mercy of God** (Atheneum, $5).

Thus the book's credentials are all ambivalent: to be secretary to Sartre might be a fate worse than death for a young writer; journalism, too, is a dubious blessing for a novelist; and the Prix Goncourt has adorned some strange *oeuvres*. Luckily, in Cau's case it has all come out well. *The Mercy of God* is a splendid novel.

The tradition of the book is very Sartrian and very French: four murderers, locked up together for life, tell their stories. The prison motif has been quite prevalent in France since the war; and the almost-spoken idea that the prison is life, the murderers all of us, is, of course, straight Sartre. But Cau has continued and greatly contributed to this pattern rather than emulated it. The formula may sound pat, the book is fresh and original.

The experiences of the four men—a doctor, a boxer, a workman, and a gambler—are not narrated in sequence; they are interwoven. At first this fragmentation is irritating, but the reason for it soon becomes clear: through this technique Cau has achieved a kind of magic cadence that makes the accounts more meaningful than if he had employed a conventional style. Also, each story quickly loses its yes-or-no, black-or-white quality as the narrator starts wandering down side paths, asking himself: Did he really kill? How? Whom? Who is to blame? It is the measure of Cau's great skill that these doubts, and their all-too-lifelike nebulosity, do not make the book itself nebulous; on the contrary, the ultimate mosaic is sharply defined, powerful, and extremely frightening.

I objected, at least in this translation, to the similarity in speech between four men of such vastly different background, but, apart from that—a minor point—this novel deserves nothing but praise.

—HANS KONINGSBERGER.

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THE COURAGEOUS WAY

1943: To Be or Not To Be?

Rescue in Denmark, *by Harold Flender (Simon & Schuster. 281 pp. $4.95), explains why the Danes accepted German occupation but resisted Nazi plans to exterminate the Danish Jews. Stephen Spender's "Learning Laughter" reported on a survey he made of Israel in 1952.*

By STEPHEN SPENDER

EVIDENCE produced at the Eichmann trial, the publication of Raul Hilberg's important *The Destruction of the European Jews,* Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* [SR May 25], have opened a debate that is likely to continue for many years, especially among members of Jewish communities, around the question "How far did the Jewish leaders in European countries act in ways that facilitated the liquidation of millions of Jews by the Nazis?"

Miss Arendt points to Denmark as the great exception—a country where the Jewish leaders did not form counsels cooperating with Himmler and Eichmann, and where, partly for this reason, most of the Jewish population escaped from the clutches of the S.S.

Harold Flender's book consists largely of anecdotes, and is written in a journalistic style. Nevertheless it does throw a good deal of light on the behavior of both Danes and Jews. He remarks in his final chapter that if we could answer the question of why the Danish Jews escaped whereas others were murdered in their millions we should "be able to solve the problem of man's inhumanity to man." This is perhaps an exaggeration; nor is there, as he goes on to say, "a formula for humanity." What is encouraging, however, is that his general conclusions, and many of his anecdotes, do show that even today, in the twentieth century, plain courage is not only ethical but is also a sensible way of behaving.

Perhaps the greatest propagandist success of Goebbels was that the Nazis persuaded vast numbers of their opponents that resistance was useless, that protests were sealed off by modern political power implemented by science, and therefore could never be heard. They made their opponents think that human feelings were unrelated to modern history, and thus to act according to them was simply outmoded and meaningless.

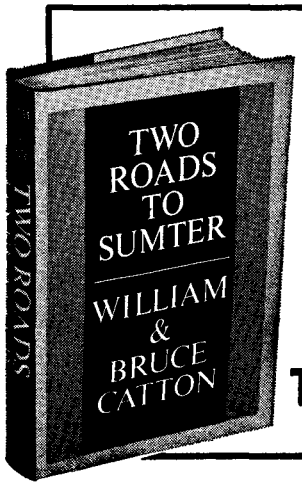
The story of the Danish occupation is that Denmark—more, really, than most occupied countries—was first of all persuaded of the uselessness of resisting, and then, owing to the attempt of the Nazis to send the Jews in death trains to extermination camps, was suddenly confronted with a situation in which compliance became impossible. It was as though the Nazis had touched on some nerve that compelled the Danes to act according to the values of their traditional way of feeling and behaving, which went deeper even than the desire for democratic freedoms.

The most interesting part of Mr. Flender's book is the early chapters, in which he shows how little the Danes opposed the Nazi occupation in 1941 yet how outraged they were by the measures taken in 1943 against the Jews. The king and the government had persuaded themselves that Denmark would remain fairly independent, although occupied, while Denmark would benefit from being the larder of German-ruled Europe. This hallucination was shattered—as the German *Reichskommissar* in Denmark, Werner Best, realized would happen—by the measures taken, at the order of Hitler, to extend the Final Solution to the Danish Jews. Somehow racial tolerance seems to have been a deeper tradition in Denmark than democracy itself: or perhaps liberal democratic institutions, in Denmark as in other countries, had been anesthetized by Nazi *Realpolitik,* while the long-established view that the Jews in Denmark were simply Danes had not.

The operation whereby the Danish Jews were transported to Sweden by the Danish fishing fleet was, in effect, the result of a national uprising, though one of the most valuable things in Mr. Flender's book is that he draws attention to the element of simplification involved in saying this. He refutes the legend (repeated by Hannah Arendt) that the Danish king said that if there were anti-Semitic laws he would be the first in his country to wear the star of David. He reports that many of the fishermen demanded exorbitant fees for shipping Jews across the Baltic. He points out that many Danes were shrewd enough to realize that the summer of 1943 marked, as well as the Final Solution, the turning of the tide against the Nazi fortunes. Of course there were important Jews in Denmark, as in other European countries, who refused to believe that any ill could happen to them, and who therefore not only suffered themselves but lost the opportunity to warn other members of their community. However, the Danish Jews seem to have been rather lucky, since in Copenhagen Chief Rabbi Melchior behaved with outstanding courage and became the leader in organizing the exodus. Moreover, the German head of shipping operations, Georg Ferdinand Duckwitz, sabotaged the orders of the German plenipotentiary, Best, by communicating to Hans Hedtoft, head of the Danish Social Democrats, that a raid was planned on the homes of Jews, who would be seized and transported to German concentration camps. Before doing this Duckwitz had flown to Sweden to try to persuade the neutral Swedish government to provide asylum for the Danish Jews—a request that they only acceded to some days later. Duckwitz, with Rabbi Melchior, is indeed one of the heroes of the story, the more hero, one might say, because he was a German.

The sum of incidents in this book

(*Continued on page* 48)



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James Gianelos, an engineer from Cleveland, Ohio, 1962 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Gianelos' landscape taken at Einseideln, Switzerland, won him a round-trip to London.

PHOTO AWARDS

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1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1962, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

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e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

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c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

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5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1963, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 4, 1964. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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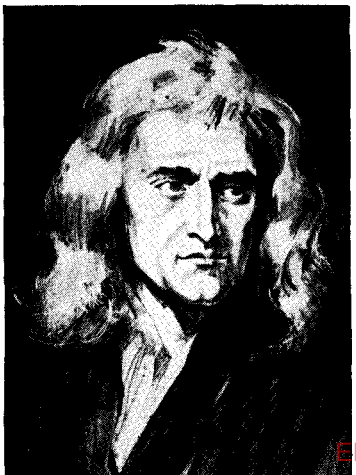
BREAKTHROUGH

Newton



An apple's fall to earth helps man find his way to the moon.

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To chart the course of the first manned flight to the moon, scientists will apply laws discovered by Sir Isaac Newton nearly 300 years ago.

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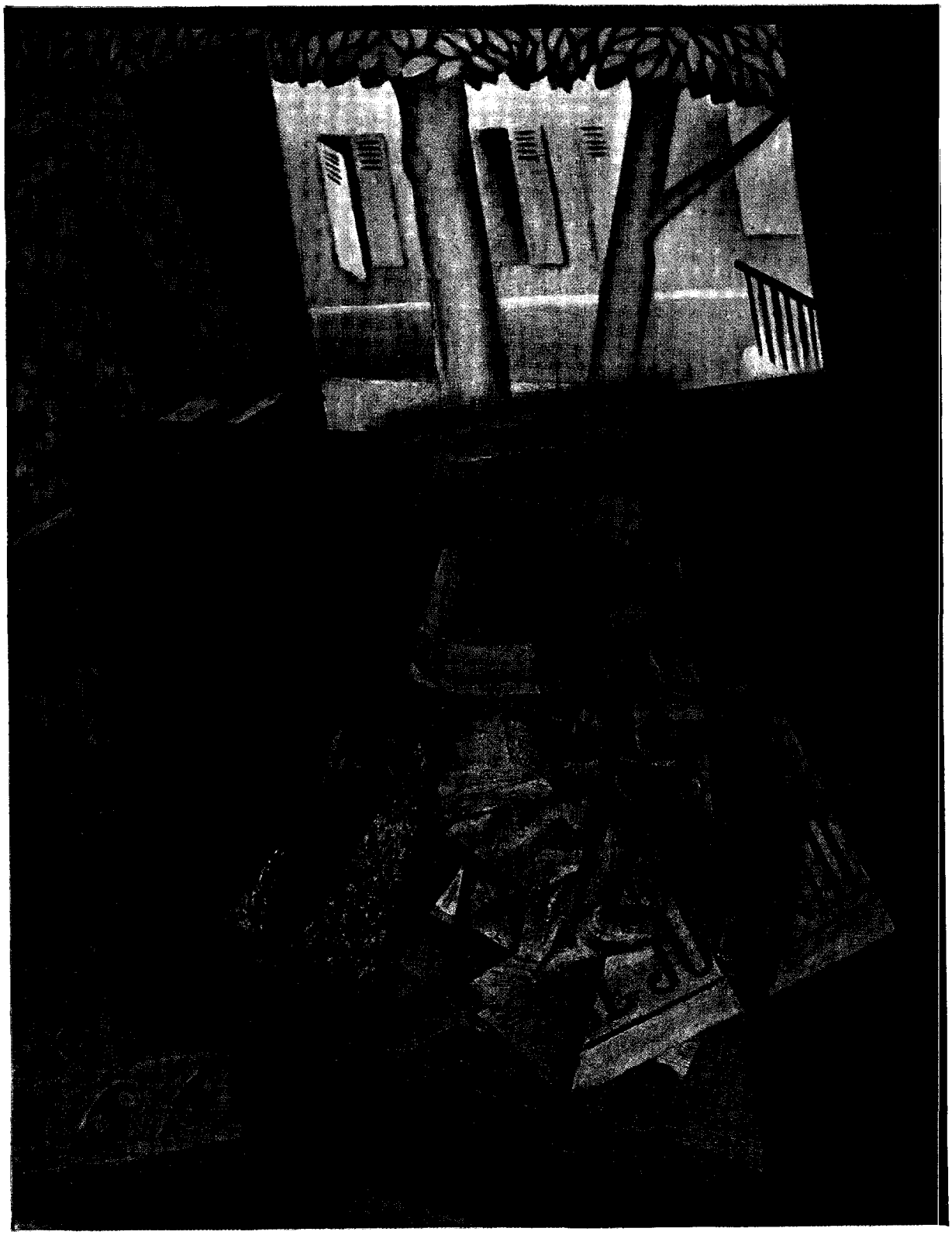
LANDMARKS OF MODERN ART



"Still Life Before an Open Window," by Juan Gris, 1915. —*Philadelphia Museum of Art.*

JUAN GRIS, who along with Picasso and Braque is often considered one of the most significant cubist painters, was born in Spain but spent his productive years in Paris. His premature death at the age of forty halted a series of canvases notable for their restraint, invention, and urbane elegance. Never sacrificing his own personal lyricism to the rigors of cubism, he nonetheless broke up and rearranged form with uncompromising resolution. Though the still life shown here seems highly dislocated, the view out of the window remains comparatively naturalistic—a deliberate change of pace that forces the viewer to reorient himself. Color, as always with Gris, is sonorous, composition carefully coordinated, and pigment tenderly brushed. Straddling past and future, the canvas opposes the intricate transparencies of cubism to a background so simplified and flat as to suggest a blueprint. —K.K.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

In a Palmy Potpourri

IT WAS rather a changed Trinidad at which I landed the other spring midnight. The airport was new. It had opened late in August, just in time for the celebration marking the island's independence. Despite these improvements—I presume they are considered improvements by Trinidad's conglomerate population—the attitude of the officials waiting to greet the night Pan American Clipper in from Caracas and points north could scarcely have been less gracious had they been social servants working late hours in a rickety building for a colonial power. The immigration inspector seemed unsure whether he needed to ask for a passport or whether some lesser form of identification would be acceptable to him. "If you have a passport, then you have to show it," he said to me several times. That left me no choice but to produce it, and I am at a loss properly to report to you into what Lubyanka I might have been consigned had I produced, as used to be the custom in the Caribbean, nothing more legal than a driver's license or a letter from home.

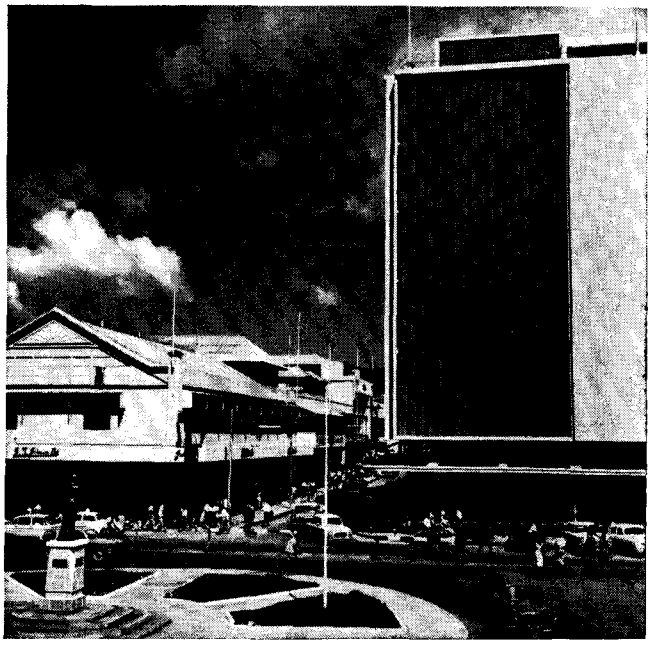
The customs inspector was scarcely more cheerful, and the hapless chap who went through in front of me, and who was eager for a fast night's sleep in Pan Am's air-conditioned airport motel before catching an onward plane in the morning, found himself hopelessly entangled with in-bond forms for souvenirs he was taking home to Boston. If I add up my experiences this season in Jamaica and in Trinidad, I can only come rather sadly to the conclusion that although it may bring initial joy, independence among small countries of the Caribbean has also generated some attitudes that are not likely to fill the traveler's heart with rapture.

Having dueled with the douane, the visitor, once outside the terminal, must face the duel with the cab drivers, for, as is the case in Nassau and many another warm-weather island, there simply is no such thing as a bus into town. The cab driver's game is to bundle a lone passenger or a couple into one cab and send it careening into town before the traveler can make contact with another who might share the expense. Apparently taxi drivers represent an iron-fisted union, for it was they who mounted the mid-season hotel strike in Nassau a few seasons back, and the government there has been afraid to move against them ever since. I would presume that Dr. Eric Williams's young government in Trinidad is equally unwilling to create dissidence even among the pirates. Despite the arrival of the jet age, this tyranny by taxi driver, along with the sticky entrance formalities, is certainly cutting down on island-hopping, once one of the most amiable sportive pleasures of the West Indies.

Having delivered myself of all of that, I must say that independence and the years have brought Trinidad some clear benefits, too, and these are plainly evident when one leaves the terminal and starts the long drive from Piarco Airport into Port of Spain. New factories that produce anything from U.S. soda pop to ladies' underwear have sprouted by the side of the road. And where the lone passable hotel had, among the seasoned traveler, the undisputed title of the worst hotel in the Caribbean, there is now a stunning new Hilton. Nor is it the same seaside egg crate all over again, a hive of air-conditioned boxes with a view of the water and a calypso band in the basement. This one has been done with enormous imagination and everyone on the staff knows it's good. The clock was edging toward 2 A.M. when I finally reached my quarters, but the bellhop was full of bright spirits. "May I instruct you in the use of your room?" he inquired. He ticked off the dials, locks, and switches with a snappy patter, and left me to nibble a mint that the maid had placed on the night table.

When I pulled the curtains in the morning, the sun was sweeping over the Savannah, that enormous centerpiece of Port of Spain life where horses race, cricketers appear in spotless whites to perform whatever it is that cricket players do. Running the rim of the 199-acre park are some of the homes of Trinidad's first families. As architecture they are a collection of styles that would send the ladies of the house-and-garden tours reaching for the fans. The range runs from the Scottish baronic castle of the Stollmeyers to the white French office of the Prime Minister, to the red and buff arch-looped residence

Trinidad: New look in town, old scene in the country —*Fritz Henle (Monkmeyer).*



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of the Roman Catholic Archbishop. The Roodal home next door offers a purple petrea tree standing before the white fretwork of a balcony. Then balcony rises on balcony until the house at last explodes in turrets. Salvatori's colonial place is next door. Queen's Royal College, the Protestant school of which the Prime Minister is a graduate, is red Victorian brick with blue-trimmed arches and a fringe of iron fencing planted along the spine of the roof. Its counterpart among boys' secondary schools is Roman Catholic St. Mary's, whose leading graduate is the Governor General, Sir Solomon Hochoy, a Trinidadian of Chinese ancestry and the owner of perhaps the most unusual handle in the Commonwealth.

Nowhere in the West Indies, and perhaps nowhere this side of Zanzibar, does there exist such a mélange of the world's people. Once owned by Spain, Trinidad was raided by the Dutch and the French, infiltrated by French families fleeing the Revolution, and ceded to Britain in 1802. When the African slaves were freed, indentured labor was brought from China and Portugal, and later from India. To all these were added Jews fleeing persecution in Germany, and Syrians who came to trade.

All of Trinidad eats hot *roti*, a flat Indian pancake filled with curry, potatoes, and spiced beans. And almost everyone turns out for Hosein, a religious ceremony originally practiced by the Moslem sect of Shiahs honoring Hosein and Hassan, the sons of Ali and Fatima, murdered in a holy war. The date is scheduled for the Mohurrum month of the Moslem calendar ten days after the appearance of the new moon, or, for those who follow the Gregorian dates, June 3, 1963. Mosque-shaped floats glistening with bits of glass and tinsel are borne through the streets, especially in the St. James quarter, once a center for East Indians. Drum-beating punctuates the parade, and there are passing displays of mock stick-fighting, once performed with an earnest belligerence that produced knotted heads and bloodied sticks. In the 1880s the Sunnis, a rival sect of Moslems who did not subscribe to Hosein, petitioned the government to abolish the ceremony. It had not only proven an insult to their religion, the Sunnis said, but had also led to riots and death. The colonial government, while not acceding to the request of the Sunnis, did insist on some reforms, a move that caused some rioting among the Shiahs. Peace, if not quiet, has been restored to the Hosein festival, which is expected to wind, without violent incident this year, by Calcutta and Bombay Streets, past J. Ham Fong's Grocery and Cafe, and by the St. James Super Market, one of the few in the world that on normal market days maintains ten-foot-high piles of caged live chickens in front of its door.

Trinidad's carnival, which has become very nearly as celebrated as the annual fiesta in Rio has, of course, a Christian basis. Trinidad and its satellite island of Tobago celebrate the carnival on the two days that precede Ash Wednesday, after which time everyone subsides to let the hangover cool off. Despite its religious origins, Trinidad's carnival embraces all the island with its multifarious sects, offshoots, groups, and subdivisions—all of whom partake in "jump-ups," *leggos*, road marches, calypsos, and steel bands. It begins with the *Jour Ouvert*, corrupted now to Joo Vay, which starts at daybreak at Marine Square in downtown Port of Spain.

Steel bands, which have spread through the Caribbean and occasionally take flights into unexpected climes—a tin-pan band was playing last summer at a motel on Cape Cod—were born, colorfully enough, in Trinidad. The emergence of this musical form is as recent as the end of World War II, but historians have already traced its origins to the colonial policy that forbade Africans to use their drums. In the New World the Africans replaced the drum with hand clapping; in British Guiana the Bush Negroes pounded on empty basins placed over a larger one filled with water. In Trinidad the natives chopped bamboo, and used it for a *tambour* or drum. Bamboo-tamboo became a musical form until the back street boys discovered that a bamboo stick, cracked over the skull of a rival, creates a lively percussion, too. When bamboo-tamboo bands were also banned, youngsters banged on garbage cans, old brake drums, differentials. There was no bamboo cut and cured to celebrate the surrender of Germany with proper music and rhythm, and the Trinidadians fell back on the cans. In those makeshift days someone discovered that musical notes could be coaxed from the head of an oil can by striking it in different places.

Calypso came spiraling out of Trinidad, too. Probably it can be fairly called the folk music of African West Indians, although its lyrics are subject to invention at a moment's notice and frequently are shot through with tangy bits of satire and wit.

Out of carnival season these Trinidadian art forms are usually in evidence at the hotels. The Hilton this spring alternated a calypso singer with an artist imported from Broadway. For a view of Trinidad life in a more native setting there is the Miramar on the docks in Port of Spain, which offers what it calls, "six hours of nonstop entertainment every fifteen minutes." While the show, performed in the round, can offer anything from women wrestlers to female impersonators, one can almost surely see a *shango*, an African cultist dance that was supposedly first publicly performed for profit at the Miramar. The *limbo* is said to have gotten its public start here, too, in April, 1952. Since the *limbo* has been copied as far afield as the East Bronx, the Miramar performs its *limbo* now using flaming bars. "There's never a dull moment at the Miramar," says a flyer it distributes. "The Miramar provides a relaxed interlude for politicians, writers, radio and television stars, business executives, and the Man in the Street." If you're in Trinidad it seems there's no getting away from it.

—Horace Sutton.

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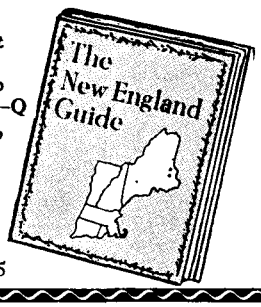

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Henze Premiere—*Elektra*, With and Without

TO JUDGE from the celebrity abroad of Hans Werner Henze, the world première of his Fifth Symphony by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra should have been played against a backdrop of familiarity with two or three of its predecessors, one or more of his operas, some incidental works of other kinds. The only exposure of the sort, however, was provided by neither a local nor a domestic source, but by the visiting Royal Ballet which danced its *Ondine* (in 1960) to an earlier Henze score.

This is, of course, no reflection whatsoever on the capabilities of the composer born thirty-seven years ago in Gütersloh, Germany, and now living in Italy. It is, rather, a reflection on those who order, or disorder, local musical life. Henze's order of workmanship is widely recognized as superior, and the new work leaves no doubt of his ability to shape the sound of an orchestra to a discourse both individual and absorbing. Among the composers who have now fulfilled commissions extended to them to commemorate the first season of the Philharmonic in its new home (a few of the ten remain, still, to be heard from), Henze has earned himself a place well toward the top of the list.

If one settles for the premise that a symphony—in some distant, original sense of the word—is a work in which "many instruments play together in consort," Henze has accomplished his objective with distinction. If, however, the more specific suggestion of the word (as exemplified in the opening G-minor Symphony of Mozart, No. 40) is applied, Henze has presented the Philharmonic with the blueprint of an interesting and sightly structure, but not the fully formed building itself.

What Henze plainly has on his mind in this Fifth Symphony are sonority and texture, varied slightly from time to time to comprehend texture and sonority. There is some intimation of this in the layout of instruments specified in the *Besetzung*, as the score calls it (merely German for instrumentation). It is the formulation for a clean, open sound, in which clarinets and bassoons are lacking, likewise such gross low instruments as tuba. There are four each of horns, trumpets and trombones, to form a solid middle for the flutes, oboes, and English horns. Two pianos are specified, likewise two harps, but other percussion is limited to tympani. The string complement is conventional.

Henze frequently charms the ear with the alternately shimmering and cloudy, diffused and contained sounds he composes. There is, too, a sense of organization, of poise and counterpoise, in the plan of the first movement; mood in the second (Adagio), with its solo interludes for bass flute, viola, and English horn; and momentum in the *Moto perpetuo* that brings the work to a close. But, to my taste, not a great deal that is memorable, in the shape of the material or in its juxtaposition within the movements. Much goes on, aurally, but not a great deal happens.

In this phase of his development, Henze has retrogressed from a prior devotion to the twelve-tone discipline, and now makes use of it as a resource among others rather than a method in itself. Such considerations, in any case, are between himself and his interpreters, of no more real moment to his listeners than a key choice was a century ago. The question at issue is: Has he made a vital musical experience of his fifteen-minute discourse? My answer is: Only to the listener responsive to the work's inner organization and tonal interplay. Bernstein played the work with as much enthusiasm as if he had written it himself.

THE same could be said, in another way, of Isaac Stern's performance of the A-major Violin Concerto of Mozart, which followed the opening G-minor Symphony. It was racy but controlled, animated but serene, full fashioned yet delicate. Could one ask for anything more? Yes! New cadenzas to take the place of the faded ones (Joachim?) which hardly accord with the skilfully penetrating artistry of the soloist, and the poised, flexible production of the orchestral part under Bernstein's attentive direction. It is rather an anticlimax for the refined blend of solo sound and woodwinds (achieved by Stern and Bernstein at the price of real painstaking) to be followed by some grandiose banalities of no special relevance to the spirit of the work.

Two reworkings of the *Elektra* theme, one with movement, one without, had a wholly unintentional juxtaposition on successive evenings. The first, devised by Robert Helpmann on a musical basis by Malcolm Arnold, completed the list of novelties at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Royal Ballet. The other, by Alphons Diepenbrock, was a

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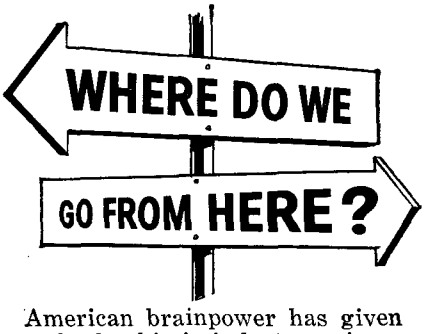

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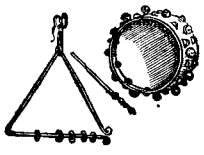
benefaction of the concert by the touring Hague Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall under the direction of Willem van Otterloo. Together they served as reminder of what a towering achievement for the stage Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's joint treatment of the subject is.

What Helpmann has undertaken is more dance drama than ballet, and for the episodes he has chosen, his version is concise, uncluttered, and to the point—the point, that is, of the oversized axe which is flourished and brandished until Orestes (David Blair) performs his predestined deed. It finds Nadia Nerina, as Elektra, literally being tossed about by the Fates—the octet of Erinyes, avengers of the dead, who act as a wordless but highly active chorus of comment, as they fling her taut body from here to there, or suspend her in space. Monica Mason is an evil-faced, gold-clad Clytemnestra, Derek Rencher her paramour.

Everything about this *Elektra* is apt and theatrically sure, but the area of penetration is sharply limited. Helpmann shows in swift detail what happens, but there is very little, if any concern for why it happens. The telling, in other words, concentrates on action, with scant concern for motivation. This makes for an effective, highly charged spectacle, but also a rather superficial one. One might interpret some of the figures of Arthur Boyd's boldly drawn decor as "background" in a literary as well as physical sense, but it wasn't enough. Malcolm Arnold's score matches aural for visual mood in being lurid and rather overdrawn.

As it stands, Diepenbrock's score (1920) lacks either intrinsic musical interest for much reward to the listener, or specific suggestion of the subject with which it is concerned. A programmatic reference to a prior version with a reciter's part (subsequently eliminated) may be a clue to the present sense of incompleteness it conveys. As a performing organization, the Hague Philharmonic is rather more than the second best orchestra in Holland (a land of only eleven million). It is resolutely disciplined by van Otterloo to obey his wishes equally in a Mozart (*Haffner*) or a Bruckner (No. 3) symphony. Prevailing, however, this conductor's concern is more with letter than with spirit, which tends to result in playing that is highly efficient but of somewhat muted personality.

—Irving Kolodin.



TV AND RADIO

No Retreat on the FCC

IN HIS first official news conference, E. William Henry, the new chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, revealed himself as a man with some definite and vigorous ideas about broadcasting. Like his predecessor, Newton Minow, he believes that the FCC should play an active role in the improvement of radio and television fare. But just how much he will be able to accomplish, given the complex lines of force surrounding the broadcast regulatory agency, is difficult to predict.

Mr. Minow, who resigned after two years in office, demonstrated that the FCC, though a hot spot, is one of the few positions in the federal government where a young man can quickly make a national name for himself. The former chairman could do this because he resonated the concern felt about television and radio by an odd coalition of liberals and conservatives. Though numerically this coalition represents a minority of the population, it continues to grow as the upper middle class increases, and it exerts a disproportionate influence on the broadcasting industry because it is better educated, more articulate, and occupies the command posts in the interaction of social groups.

The liberals perceive broadcasting as a crucial factor in maintaining an open political society and they are also motivated esthetically. The conservatives reflect the moralistic strain in our national traditions; they worry about sex and violence on television. The combination found in Minow an eloquent, aggressive, spokesman.

There have been one or two FCC chairman in the past who were "tough regulators," but the times were out of tune for them. Minow's timing on the FCC stage was just right: he arrived with the New Frontier immediately after the television quiz and payola scandals, and he caught the liberals veering from economic to cultural revolt in a sobering, affluent society. The masses may like TV as it is, but they are passive and accommodating—as FCC chairmen had been in the ten years before Minow. Changes in the national Administration reflect the changing moods of the people, but it is unlikely that the day of the accommodators among FCC chairmen will return in the near future.

If Chairman Henry had reversed Minow's position, he would not have enjoyed the support of vocal influentials, and his opportunities for national prominence would have been substantially diminished.

It is unlikely that the new chairman will lead the commission to basic changes in the "vast wasteland," any more than Mr. Minow was able to do. The relations between Congress and the FCC have always been marked by ambivalence and irrationality. Congress created the regulatory agency, but starves it, investigates it, and gets irritated whenever the commission shows signs of doing anything fundamental. Regulation, under the present national mood and law, can at best reach only marginal features of broadcasting—such as religion, education, and public affairs. The new chairman has cited the need for diversity of programming in prime evening time; and he finds "a discouraging degree of sameness in entertainment." The FCC has recommended to Congress that it be given the power to regulate networks, but Congress has turned a deaf ear. The fact remains that the commission probably has the power to accomplish such regulation without a change in the law but is most unlikely to try it.

Chairman Henry's advance beyond the Minow position lies in the direction of requiring more sustaining programs. Minow went along with the commission's 1960 policy directive which agreed with the industry that no distinction should be made between sustaining and commercial programs. Mr. Henry may try to persuade his fellow commissioners to make such a distinction, perhaps even to establish percentages of required sustaining programs in a station's total schedule; this would mean more public service programs, which don't attract sponsors.

THE new chairman has impressed his colleagues as cool, able, somewhat patrician, and not given to quick retreat. Like Minow, he came to the commission from outside broadcasting and, like Minow, he will most likely return to a position outside broadcasting when he has made his contribution. This is an important factor in a chairman's behavior and encourages his independence. The length of Chairman Henry's tenure is uncertain. The odds are he will not complete his seven-year term. You can make a career out of being an FCC commissioner but not out of being chairman of the FCC.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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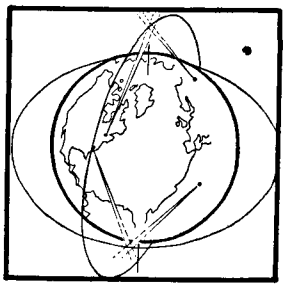

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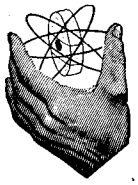

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXXXVI • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: They Split my Personality

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE SUPERIOR ANIMAL

MAN always has classified himself as superior to all the other animals of earth. He derived the rating from his belief that he alone had power to recall past experience as a guide, to dream of and so to shape the future, to reflect upon the consequences of his present behavior, to wonder over beauty, and above all to bestow compassion upon his fellows.

But could a change be in the making? Is man beginning to lose his ancient and proud singularity?

Recently there appeared in the pages of *Science,* journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a cautious report on an episode in the lives of two chimpanzees, Pan and Wendy.

"Pan and Wendy," wrote Walter R. Miles, of the U.S. Naval Medical Research Laboratory at Groton, Conn., were "long-time companions who lived in an outdoor enclosure at the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology at Orange Park, Florida." On February 21, 1954, Pan was observed to be "engaged in vigorous show-off activity before two men who stood some distance from the enclosure. He may well have kicked up some sand during his performance. At any rate, Wendy came whimpering up behind him, demanding his attention.

"He turned to her quickly. She sat down on the ground. He immediately crouched in front of her, looking in her eye at close range.

"With his two forefingers he manipulated the lids of her left eye so as to reveal the pink mucous membrane that evidently carried a foreign body which he removed. Relief came promptly and both chimpanzees remained quietly near each other for several seconds."

Almost ten years after this event among the apes was documented by color photographs, the status of human relationships was succinctly described in a public address at San Bernardino, Calif., by Dr. Harold Brown, director of defense research and engineering in the U.S. Department of Defense. In February 1963 Dr. Brown said:

"We must not allow future technological advances [by other nations than our own] to catch us unaware and deprive us of the all-important capability to destroy any potential aggressor as a nation no matter what he may do in the first strike against our strategic forces."

NOT for several thousands of years has any nation made it a matter of policy to destroy another nation completely as a nation.

Yet we, the people of the United States, are so deeply committed to this atavistic posture (no less alarming a regression because it occurred in reaction to Soviet Premier Khruschchev's boisterous threats to "bury" the Western industrial system which he now in so many important ways is imitating) that military scientists, acting in the people's name during the month of May 1963, cascaded a long thin cloud of tiny copper needles through the sky as a means of guaranteeing the ability to wreak total destruction on any other people who may strike a blow at us.

The ultimate military objective of these needles is to establish instantaneous communication from one point on the surface of the earth to one or more other remotely separated points.

If the theory is correct, two rings of needles between 3,000 and 3,600 miles out from the planet—one ring crossing the poles and the other ring parallel to earth's equator as shown in the masthead sketch above—will do.

The two rings of needles would stay in place indefinitely, could be used as passive reflectors of electromagnetic signals finely tuned for accurate transmission, and could not be put out of business even by a series of fission or fusion bomb explosion. Gaps hundreds of miles long might be torn in the rings without practical effect on the rebounding of messages because each needle would be a separate communication satellite of its own and there would be millions of needles.

THE military purpose of the needles has been carefully separated from the present experiment with the needles. It is the separation which causes concern among astronomers, who fear that the needles will intensify the already troublesome twinkling of earth's atmosphere and thus interfere with future efforts to learn more about man's distant environment.

The needles which are now gradually spreading out to form a ring around the earth are not at the distance specified for effective military use. The present ring of needles is only about 2,000 miles out. This distance was deliberately chosen so as not to achieve one of the military purposes — the purpose of stability. Instead of remaining indefinitely in place at 2,000 miles, the needles are expected to be pushed down by the pressure of sunlight until they fall into earth's atmosphere and are there incinerated.

Nor are the needles now in orbit as densely spaced as they would have to be for the normal flow of modern military communication. Messages can be bounced off the needles where they are today, but those messages cannot contain very much information. For example, a TV picture could not be broadcast over such a circuit. Only something much simpler could be managed. Perhaps a slowly-transmitted dot-dash morse code. Or a single voice on the telephone.

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The question naturally arises: Of what use, then, is the present experiment with the copper needles? What sort of messages made possible by the needles would be meaningful?

An obvious possibility is the one word—"fire"—that could be sent to a widely dispersed fleet of missile-carrying polaris submarines.

Another rather obvious possibility would be two words—"turn back"—that might be addressed to bomb-carrying aircraft if a command to attack had been given on false information.

Or an intercontinental missile might conceivably be commanded to explode itself in mid-flight toward a target.

Will military planners be willing to rest such emergency measures on a slow morse code or a single phone line? Or will they insist, as they always have in the past, on alternate routings and confirmatory signals? If they follow the latter course, will this not require increasing the number of needles and multiplying the obscuring effects which frustrate the astronomers? And will communication-by-needle be sufficiently more dependable than the best existing communication to justify such interference with astronomical observation?

The last question is the crucial one. And that question has not been asked of the National Academy of Sciences panel which gave qualified agreement to the present experiment with the needles. There has been no genuine weighing of relative values by any sizeable group of scientists independent of the political office of the President of the United States. The so-called advisory group of astronomers from the Space Science Board of NAS was told to assume that the experiment did have over-riding military importance. The identical procedure was followed with the Starfish space bomb a year ago, with results that are now well-known.

Lincoln Laboratory of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which, as an agency of the U. S. Air Force, sent the needles up, estimates that the experimental ring will stay in place at or near 2,000 miles from earth's surface for the next five years. Other scientific estimates of the lifetime of the ring begin at a few months and extend to 100 years. There is time for thought if anyone cares to use it for thinking. I can only hope that someone in authority will consider that selectivity in species occurs in response to the environment, and that if the environment persistently calls for men free of compassion then men of that type inevitably will take charge of the human race. Perhaps they in turn will be taken in charge by the chimpanzees.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

BOOKING A MOON VOYAGE

YOUR ARTICLE ON JOHN KEPLER [*SR*/May 4, 1963] was just terrific!

I enjoyed it thoroughly and found it most informative on many aspects of Kepler's work of which I was not aware.

LLOYD V. BERKNER,
President,
Graduate Research Center of the Southwest
Dallas, Tex.

YOUR PIECE ON KEPLER'S thoughts on a voyage to the moon was most interesting.

I learned much from it and enjoyed it very much.

MAURICE EWING,
Director,
Lamont Geophysical Observatory
Palisades, N.Y.

I FOUND your excellent article: "The Forgotten Moon Voyage" of great interest. Several years ago, I did some extensive work on Pico della Mirandola. At that time, I found that Pico was familiar with the work of Jean Buridan. At the end of his life Pico wrote on astrology. Pico's work was read by Kepler, and it is my opinion that Pico is the link between Kepler and the 14th century physicists of the University of Paris.

ROBERT H. BUCHANAN
Assistant Professor
of European History
Adams State College
Alamosa, Colo.

YOU ARE TO BE complimented on the scholarly piece, "The Forgotten Moon Voyage of 1609." It is very well done.

For several years I have been collecting information about the use of the human centrifuge as a tool for physiological research. It is always interesting and seldom surprising to learn that this artifact and studies on the effects of acceleration on man pre-date the space age by a hundred years or so. I learned from your article and Mrs. Kirkwood's translation that Kepler pre-dated the space age by suggesting that the astronaut be placed in his vehicle so that the accelerations experienced during take-off and landing were at right angles to the long axis of the body.

W. J. WHITE
Cornell Aeronautical Lab
Buffalo, N.Y.

HAVE JUST FINISHED reading your article on Johann Kepler and his *Somnium* in the current issue of *Saturday Review*. You mention a recent English translation of his original text by Mrs. Patricia Kirkwood. Has this translation been published and by whom?

MARTHA B. WALKER
Arlington, Tex.

UPON READING the May 4th issue of *SR*, I was very pleased with Mr. Lear's article on Johannes Kepler (The Forgotten Moon Voyage of 1609). Is it possible that Mrs. Kirkwood's translation of Kepler's "Dream" will be published in the near future?

ALAN JAMES WESTCOTT
Colfax, Calif.

ENJOYED TREMENDOUSLY your Kepler articles. Please advise whether the Kirkwood translation will be published.

PHILIP H. MILLER
South Dartmouth, Mass.

Editor's note: Mrs. Patricia Kirkwood's translation of John Kepler's "Dream" is now in process of preparation for publication in book form along with John Lear's interpretation of the "Dream."

THE ARTICLE in your May 4th issue on "The Forgotten Moon Voyage of 1609" is extraordinary, not for the revelations Mr. Lear believes he is making—under the heading "Research in America"—but for the misconceptions, exaggerations and simple errors of fact that it contains.

The third paragraph of the article, for instance, is no more than a series of errors and distortions. There was never a hint at this time that the Lutheran Church, nowhere near as well organized as the Catholic, would try to impede discussions of astronomy. Moreover, Kepler wrote the "Dream" while a member of the Emperor's court, a bastion of Catholicism, so he would hardly have had any fears of Lutherans even if they had wished to censor him. Nor was 1609 "the beginning of the thirty Years' War"—that came nine years later. And the Thirty Years' War itself cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered "a time of schism in the Hapsburg royal family"—the Hapsburgs were firmly united throughout the war, fighting *other* people: Dutch, Swedes, Frenchmen, etc. To call Kepler "science advisor" to the Emperor, as is done throughout the article, is at best a half truth—Kepler was primarily an astrologer, though he was also called Imperial Mathematician. Science, as we use the word, was not even thought of as a separate discipline in the 17th century, and in any case Kepler's main occupation at court was to provide services that we would never consider "scientific."

The suggestion that the "Dream" was meant only for scholars because it was written in Latin is again totally unfounded. At this period the use of Latin was so common that it did not indicate any particular purpose whatsoever. Even if Kepler had had cause to fear Lutherans or Hapsburgs, writing in Latin would not have made the slightest difference. Finally (and this is still from the same five sentence paragraph), it reveals a complete misunderstanding of Kepler to suppose that he used allegorical language only as a disguise for scientific reasoning. Mr. Lear presumably felt Kepler needed the disguise because of fear of either Lutherans or Hapsburgs. In fact, however, he had nothing to be afraid of, because at this date—seven years before the Inquisition showed any interest in Galileo—even the Catholics gave no indication of wishing to censor astronomers. If fear is then removed, why did he use allegorical language? The answer is quite simple, and if

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it had been applied throughout the article, it would have produced a much more balanced and accurate picture of the "Dream."

Quite simply, Kepler was *not* first and foremost a scientist, or even a mathematician. He was fascinated by mathematics, he dabbled in the subject, and he came up with some brilliant astronomical theories. But he was also a mystic, a dreamer, an astrologer. Judged by the standards of modern science, his trouble was that he was incapable of separating the dream from the analysis, the astronomy from the astrology. His scientific discoveries are buried in a mass of mystical, teleological and allegorical theories, much concerned with the "music of the spheres" and other such concepts. Kepler himself seems to have seen no distinction between the two types of thought, nor to have considered one more important than another. To suggest, therefore, that he was "disguising" his theories with allegories is to misunderstand him completely. His "Dream" is in fact a typical piece of writing, a series of semi-mystical, semi-scientific speculations. Like most of Kepler's works, it is a fascinating and often startlingly clever document, but it is ridiculous to give it the significance Mr. Lear suggests: a work that "ought to be within easy reach of modern school children."

There is obviously no space to go into detailed examination of all Mr. Lear's claims, but a simple rereading of the entire article in light of this basic corrective to his view of Kepler will rapidly put the "Dream" into proper perspective. It will indicate that Kepler was not putting forward theories of inertia, universal gravitation, or the adaptation of the species, foreshadowing—with only minor changes to come, hints Mr. Lear—the discoveries of Descartes, Newton and Darwin. He was making fanciful speculations, not really discovering or providing actual phenomena. The purpose—trying to indicate what the earth might be like when viewed from space—was semi-scientific, as was much of Kepler's work, but it was nowhere near as important, interesting or fruitful as his more mathematical investigations of planetary motion. To imply that Kepler's "Dream" is a serious scientific work, to find in its vague references prefigurations of the work of Newton, Descartes or Darwin, is rather like equating science fiction with science, suggesting that H. G. Wells made scientific discoveries on a level with those of Einstein.

For a more balanced view of the "Dream," and one which Mr. Lear has not superseded, I would suggest your readers look at the two pages on the subject in Max Caspar's biography of Kepler. Here this little allegory is put in its proper place as a fascinating but by no means very important piece of 17th century speculation.

THEODORE K. RABB
Department of History
Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Kepler was the acknowledged founder of the modern science of dynamical astronomy. He discovered the laws by which the solar system works. He laid the foundation for the science of optics. He developed tables of logarithms. He was one of the precursors of the infinitesimal calculus.*

This man was not primarily a scientist?

Perhaps reader Rabb should read Kepler's "Dream" before he criticizes interpretation of it. If he did, he would discover that Kepler himself in this very manuscript tells of the schism in the Hapsburg royal family—a schism which such a conservative reference work as "Encyclopedia Britannica" cites as a beginning (if not the beginning) of the Thirty Years War. Kepler also tells in the "Dream" footnotes of bitter arguments he had with Lutheran dignitaries over Copernican astronomy (and we know from other sources that Kepler was denied communion by the Lutherans in Linz and was driven from a teaching post in Graz by the Catholics). The "Dream" footnotes disclose further that the "Dream" itself originated in 1593 as theses for debate at Tubingen University, the Lutheran seminary where Kepler learned of the Copernican theory from Professor Michael Maestlin, the only Tubingen faculty member who dared stand up against the Lutheran dogma on the subject; the theses were never argued because the Tubingen censor of debating topics, Dr. Vitus Muller, killed the project.

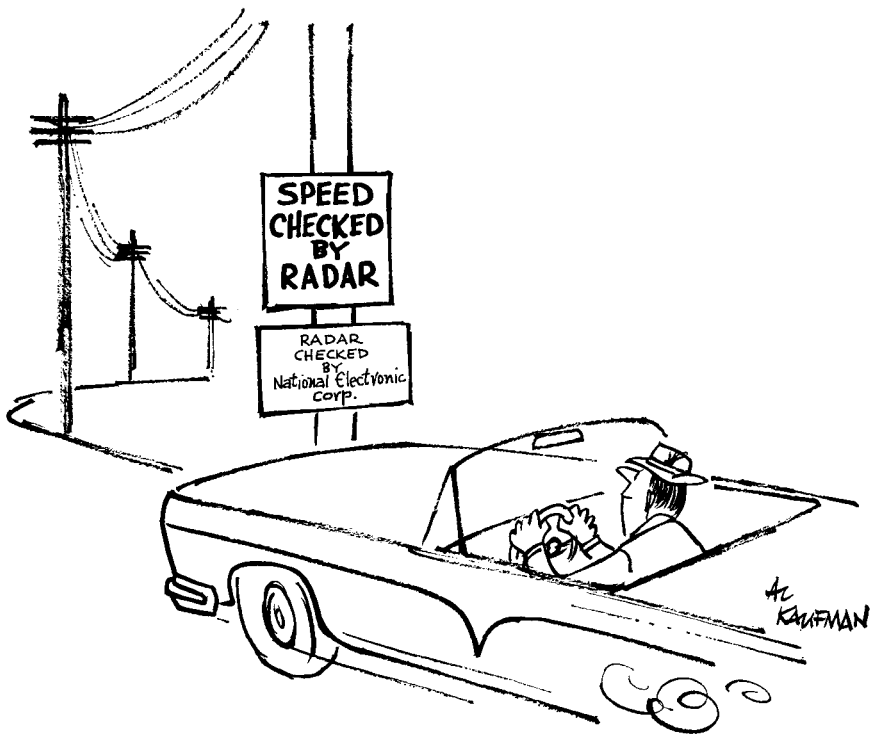
In a letter he wrote to a friend during the ten-year period of his preoccupation with the "Dream" footnotes, Kepler said explicitly that he had hoped in vain that scholars would puzzle out the meaning of his original text, "which has almost as many problems as it has lines, some of which must be solved by astronomy, some by physics, and some by history." Was this the ranting of a fuzzy-headed fortune-teller? Or was it the plaint of a scientist whose research had not been grasped by his contemporaries?

AS AUTHOR of *The Harmonious World of Johann Kepler* (Little Brown 1962), I am happy to salute a fellow Kepler buff.

It was not until I began working on this biography (I have been teaching Kepler's Laws for over ten years) that I came to understand the tremendous intellectual and creative powers of this wonderful man. Too often, historians of science and biographers have given the impression that he was a mathematician whose genius was clouded by a metaphysical miasma, or that he was an astronomer whose ability was cluttered by a vague Pythagorean mysticism.

As you point out, the *Somnium* is a fine example of Kepler's ability to fuse science, imagination, and good writing. It is unfortunate that most of his works have not been translated into English.

SIDNEY ROSEN
Associate Professor of Physical Science
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.



MORALITY! O, MORALITY!

THE COMMENTARY by Lear (*Saturday Review*, March 2, pages 49-54) contains so many inaccuracies and distortions that a brief evaluation is necessary. Lear describes a series of purported events concerning difficulties between AIBS, the National Science Foundation and Hiden Cox. My letter calls attention to a serious breach of quality of reporting in *SR*.

First, let me say that biologists recognize that errors of judgment were made by a variety of individuals associated with AIBS during many years. Biologists also are aware that the accomplishments of AIBS are a noteworthy contribution to science and to education.

Lear's article contains numerous inaccuracies and half-truths. One example is

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A Space Fable

U.S. Air Force Major L. Gordon Cooper, Jr., orbited earth between 100 and 166 miles from the planet for thirty-four consecutive hours on May 15-16, 1963. The voyage was timed to excite the people and so dampen enthusiasm for Congress' first serious inquiry into the fantastic extravagance of interplanetary space exploits. As a test of endurance, the Major's ordeal was meaningless; Soviet cosmonauts had orbited as long as ninety-four hours many months ago. Major Cooper's journey did have a potential significance of very great importance, however.

The Major reported that he slept undisturbed for hours at a stretch, that when he awoke his arms were extended directly in front of him, that drops of escaped liquid floated individually in the air of his cabin, and that he clearly distinguished houses in the snowy mountains of Tibet.

When his Soviet precursors had reported similarly, doubts of their honesty had been expressed by many Americans.

MORAL: Truth is not the exclusive trait of any land or any people.

sufficient. On p. 54 Lear states that Mr. Ossola transferred BSCS to Colorado "so fast that few observers took time to calculate how much the overhead fee. . . ." The facts are that Mr. Rosenthal, Comptroller of the National Science Foundation, flew to Colorado in November a few days after the first accusations and began negotiations even though the NSF contract with AIBS had expired on October 1. When Mr. Rosenthal realized his mistake, he returned and later a grant was awarded to the University of Colorado and AIBS for continuation of BSCS.

Lear develops a "hero-villain" attitude reminiscent of a western movie thriller. Rosenthal is pictured as "a tough-souled public servant" while Dr. Cox is described as "proud" and subjected to hypothetical quotes. This attitude is intended to deceive the reader. An important example is the context associated with quotation of a statement by Dr. Waterman that there is "no evidence of personal gain." Persons who analyze this statement will realize that Dr. Waterman is admitting that Rosenthal made false accusations which have not been substantiated. An additional example of distortion is the implication that Hiden Cox and Frank Campbell are unfriendly. Lear's distortion of meanings is deplorable.

Lastly, Lear suggests that Dr. Cox obtained personal gain in the form of salary increases (p. 54). Biologists will of course ask how much personal gain Lear has obtained during the recent expansion of SR.

Biologists have oversubscribed the sum needed and NSF has allowed the 15 percent charge for overhead, thereby cutting the sum allegedly owed NSF in half.

Lear has written an article that is a disgrace to *SR*. Why his attack on Dr. Cox? Persons who noticed Lear's behavior when Dr. Cox was on loan to NASA and working on publicity will understand. Lear's article indicates a need for "Morality in Reporting."

DAVID E. DAVIS
University Park, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps there is a need for morality in letter writing. Although Professor Davis, of Pennsylvania State University, does not so identify himself, he was a member of the executive committee which shared responsibility with Dr. Hiden Cox for management of the American Institute of Biological Sciences during the period when public monies granted to AIBS were being commingled with AIBS' own private funds.*

Minor errors of detail in SR's Science Editor's report of the National Science Foundation's crackdown on AIBS have already been pointed out in these columns. But there was no major misstatement of fact. The essential truth regarding the third paragraph of the above letter is as follows:

At NSF's insistence, a new management at AIBS was installed very suddenly. NSF was embarrassed because it had not acted long before it did. The Biological Sciences Curriculum Study was a multi-million dollar project, much too sensational a target for public criticisms both of AIBS and NSF. The sooner it could be moved out of the spotlight of potential Congressional investigators' attention, the better. And the new AIBS management agreed to the shift over strenuous opposition from Dr. Cox, deposed AIBS executive director, who said AIBS was being forced to "sign away its largest single asset by far." Royalties on BSCS text books would, he estimated, "reach about $1,000,000 within three to five years." Nevertheless, the BSCS contract with NSF was turned over to the University of Colorado (not to the university and AIBS) after negotiations between the university and Mr. Aaron Rosenthal, NSF comptroller. If Mr. Rosenthal was mistaken in this action, no one in NSF or in the present management of AIBS (where Dr. John Olive has succeeded Dr. Cox as executive director) has challenged him.

SR's Science Editor made no attempt to deceive his readers about Dr. Cox. On the contrary, the SR report quoted repeatedly from a long interview between the Science Editor and Dr. Cox. It was Dr. Cox who described himself as too proud to seek advice from Dr. Frank Campbell, his old boss at the National Academy of Sciences. Dr. Campbell confirmed the total break in contact. No question of personal antagonism was raised by either man or by SR.

Dr. Alan Waterman, the about-to-retire director of NSF, did not directly or indirectly charge Mr. Rosenthal with making false accusations. Dr. Waterman did suggest by implication that NSF had more responsibility for allowing the AIBS mess to develop than anyone in NSF would prefer to discuss.

The Science Editor's information on Dr. Cox's income as director of AIBS came from Dr. Cox, who said that AIBS had quadrupled his pay. The amount of his salary was supposed to be reported yearly to the US Treasury Department on Line 10 of the public record of tax form 990A. But no figure appeared on that line of AIBS forms 990A during the last four years for which the forms are now on file: 1958, 1959, 1960 and 1961. Being entirely dependent on earnings from private sources, SR's Science Editor reports his income privately on form 1040A, which is subject to examination by appropriate authorities, who have legal power to impose heavy penalties for omissions or other errors in accounting.

Biologists have not over-subscribed the sum required to repay to NSF public funds wrongly spent by AIBS. AIBS has paid $100,000 of the $192,850 finally agreed upon as adequate to cover AIBS irregularities up to and through the calendar year 1961; the balance is to be paid before the end of 1963. The $192,850 total is considerably more than half the $331,570 which Mr. Rosenberg first estimated would be due. Most of the difference between the original estimate and the final tally is explained by NSF's allowance of AIBS's claim of 15 percent overhead on grants (not, however, on contracts). The really serious charges against AIBS—diversion of public funds to private use, unauthorized collection of interest on public funds on deposit in banks, and unjustified foreign travel and entertainment expenditures by AIBS officials—remain undenied. And Mr. Rosenthal's audit of the AIBS books for the year 1962 is still to be completed.

SR's readers will have to try to figure out Professor Davis' final innuendo for themselves. They know that no criticism of Dr. Cox appeared in these columns during Dr. Cox's stay with NASA.

BRAIN CONTROL

IN HIS ARTICLE "Why Is Man?" (*SR* May 4), Dr. Ernest Mayr describes the pressures of natural selection as a cause of the "rapid increase of brain size in the hominids," and then poses the question of why "there has been no increase in brain size since the time of Neanderthal (nearly 100,000 years ago!)"

At least a partial answer seems to be contained in a comment made by Dr. Ashley Montagu in a recent talk at the University of California. He stated that if the head of the human baby were any larger at birth, it could not leave the uterus.

One might postulate a parallel evolutionary change in the proportions of women, allowing them to bear children with larger heads. This extra requirement seems so severe as to explain a 100,000 year hiatus in cranial evolution.

DAVID FRIEDMAN
Department of Mathematics
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

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Experiment with LSD

THEY SPLIT MY PERSONALITY

By HARRY ASHER

I SHOULD have had the sense not to volunteer for this experiment. But one so seldom does the sensible thing, and I did agree, on request, to act as one of the subjects in a test of the new drug lysergic acid, sometimes known as LSD.

This drug has exciting possibilities because it produces in some subjects symptoms which resemble those of schizophrenia. Since the composition of the drug is known, there is the hope that antidotes to it may in turn be developed, and that either these antidotes or compounds related to them may be a cure for schizophrenia itself.

One of the early steps in the research was to make a careful study of the symptoms that the drug produces. It was in this early stage that I was involved.

The day came when I sat in a chair in a laboratory, and a man in a white overall handed me a beaker containing thirty millionths of a gram of lysergic acid.

Effects were expected to develop after about half an hour.

"Any symptoms?" I was asked at the end of that time.

"No. Sorry. Nothing at all."

Later the question was repeated.

"No. Sorry. Nothing at all."

"Don't you feel sick?"

"Good Lord, yes. Perfectly horrible. I never thought of reporting that. It's your stuff, is it? All right, record a considerable nausea."

After about an hour with nothing but nausea, I said, "Look. You've got to observe me for the next four hours. We might as well enjoy ourselves. It's a lovely day. Let's break out from this stuffy building and walk for miles and miles out into the country."

Looking back now and remembering that I seldom go for walks, it is clear that the drug was beginning to act. However, I did not realize it then.

"Any change in the way things look?" I was asked.

"No. No change."

"Don't you see anything at the edges of buildings, for instance?"

"Good Lord, yes! That factory chimney has got a spectrum down the edge! Just as though it was seen through a prism."

The drug had certainly started to work, and we returned to the laboratory, where more accurate observations could be recorded.

The early experiences were wholly delightful. There was a feeling of exhilaration and self-confidence, such as is rarely experienced, and an exaggerated tendency to laugh at anything at all. The failure of anyone else to understand what the joke was became in itself irrepressibly funny. The laughter became difficult to control. Things got funnier and funnier, and I laughed until I was in a condition of painful spasm, with tears running down my cheeks.

THEN the visual distortions began. I noticed a patch of sunlight on the floor. Because its brightness appeared to be fluctuating I inquired if clouds were crossing the sky. No, the light was really steady. I dictated into the tape recorder a running commentary on the apparent changes of intensity of this steady patch of sunlight.

At about this time, distortions of depth also began to occur. The object that made the greatest impression on me was a pair of spectacles worn by one of the assistants. They stood out in front of his face, which itself was increased in depth.

"You've no idea how funny you look," I said to the man.

He looked puzzled. In some curious way the fact that he was, as it were, at the same time both in the experiment looking distorted, and outside the experiment looking puzzled, with the puzzled look showing in the distorted face with the protruding spectacles, struck me very forcibly.

Then the nausea increased, the depth distortions became greater, and color changes were more noticeable. Earlier, it had been fun but now I was ill.

AT their height, the depth distortions alternated. At one moment the feet would seem to be far away and small, just exactly as they do when opera glasses are used the wrong way round. Then the effect would reverse, and the legs and body would look very short. The feet appeared to be about eighteen inches below my eyes, and it seemed that they had come up rather than that I had gone down. The illusion reversed direction several times per minute.

Having played the game of trying to walk along a line while looking down binoculars the wrong way, and remembering that equilibrium is then upset, I set out very, very gingerly on a visit down the corridor to the toilet, expecting to fall over. The corridor, which really is long, kept changing in length. If I looked down, my feet might be far or near according to what "phase" they happened to be in. But, despite the alternate stretching of the corridor to perhaps two to three times its normal length followed by com-

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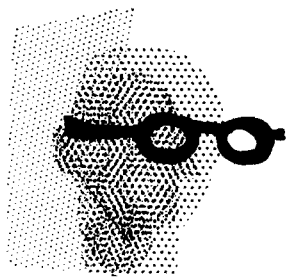
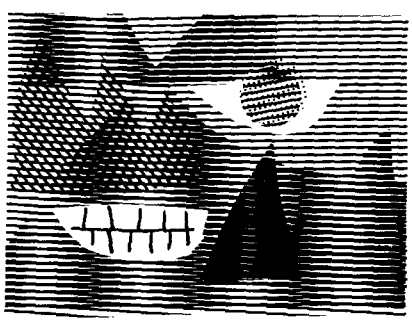
Prismatic factory chimneys . . .



. . . protruding spectacles . . .

. . . dissociated bodies . . .



—*Sketches by Doug Anderson.*

. . . and teeth in the firelight.

pression to one-half or one-third its length, accompanied by the apparent alteration in my own height, there was no difficulty in walking. There was, perhaps, a slight feeling of dissociation, which was to become more apparent later. The walking was done by a walking man, and on top of him was a pair of eyes which saw things distorted, but these eyes were not in control of the motion.

On coming out into the corridor, I met the Deputy Vice Chancellor of the University. If I had not been fully conscious of his status, I would surely have bitten him in the waistcoat. Of all the places to bite a man, the waistcoat is the least profitable, but it was only there that I wanted to bite him.

The wish came in the form of a visual image. My false teeth were snapping away in the air, rather as a barber snips the air with his scissors between cuts of the hair.

All that the Deputy Vice Chancellor saw was two men walking, my observer and myself, one looking at him very fixedly and walking slowly and with elaborate care.

At times on the way back from the toilet I would make a running commentary. Something like this:

"Steady now. Someone's coming. Corridor's long. Can we get past? Good Lord, yes. Lots of room. Dead easy after all."

Soon we were back in the lab, and they were showing me a flickering light made by an electronic flash lamp which consisted of a concave mirror, maybe eighteen inches in diameter, with a small bent hollow glass tube in the center. The tube contained gas under low pressure, and gave a flash each time a condenser discharged through it. In this way the rate of flashing could be controlled very simply. The flash was bright enough to be irritating, but not painful.

They set the lamp flashing at a fairly rapid rate and asked me to report what I saw.

There was quite a complex pattern of light in the mirror, and it was easy to see many pictures in this pattern, just as one can by looking into a fire. The most striking thing was a set of teeth quite near the middle of the lamp. They were about one-third normal size, and absolutely distinct. I think, too, there was an eye.

In giving a description of what I saw, I was so slow, and insisted in describing each thing in order, going round clockwise, that I never got as far as describing the teeth. It was only after I was told that people often see teeth that I mentioned this neat little set which I had seen.

The next treatment was to lie down and close the eyes, while the light was flashed on the closed lids at various frequencies.

A lady psychiatrist sat by the side of the couch with a notebook in her hand. She could control the frequency of the flashes by turning a knob. She asked me to dictate into the tape recorder a commentary on the experience which would follow.

At the lower frequencies of flashing, nothing especially striking was seen. But at higher frequencies an illusion began to build up. I think it was at a frequency of twenty-three flashes per second that the picture became most vivid.

I was by the seaside, lying on my back on the yellow sand, with the blue sea on my left. I had no desire to turn my head to look at the sea or sand, so that in a certain sense I could not actually see them. Normally, if a person lies on his back, little more than the sky is visible. Yet my appreciation of the sand and sky was certainly visual. It is hard to convey these illusions. If you lie on your back you can picture to yourself the sand and sea without looking at them; it was like that, only the picturing was as vivid as seeing them.

It was a bright day at the seaside. The sky was blue, and the sun was shining down straight into my eyes. I tried to close them and found them shut already.

I WAS not alone on the beach. Just out of sight, to my right, were three women. They were exceedingly lovely women, and again I could see them only in a certain sense. Suppose I were to meet one of these women. I would not be able to recognize her. All the same, I knew a lot about them because I could appreciate their presence so vividly. Their womanliness was most intensely felt.

This was not an ordinary erotic dream where one experiences certain sensations and even emotions more vividly than in the waking condition. It was along those lines, but much more impressive.

It was not just that I liked or loved these women very, very much. Rather was it that I felt a wonder that was really there, really there in the illusion, if you follow me; it just cannot be described in words.

What a pity the sun was so dazzling. I wanted to lie back and enjoy the feeling of the presence of these women. They were so very kind.

When the frequency of the flashing light was twenty-three everything was just right. When it went higher than that, the dream deteriorated. So, when we had covered the frequency range, I asked the lady psychiatrist who was turning the control knob if I could have twenty-three again. She put the frequency back to twenty-three, but this time it wasn't so good. Also, I had the greatest trouble in understanding that she had given me twenty-three, al-

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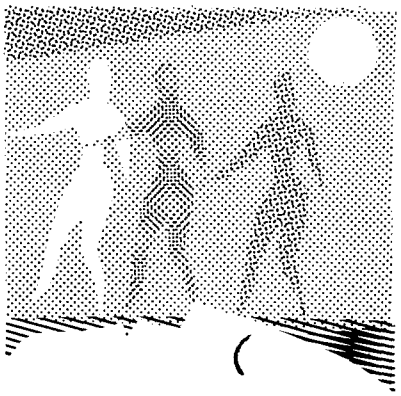


—Doug Anderson.

These women . . . were very kind

though she repeated "This is twenty-three" many times quite clearly.

Then the flashing light was turned off and I "came to" or "woke up". It is not clear how to describe it. I was extremely surprised to find that there were only the lady psychiatrist and myself in the inner room of the laboratory.

"Only you and me? Oh well, just you and me. It's all quite friendly, isn't it?" I remember saying, rather foolishly.

When the lady had finished her research, a man came in to record the electro-encephalogram.

"For goodness sake, try and keep still just a half a minute. I can't get a decent recording," he said.

This puzzled me. I was keeping still. I was lying on the couch and was not making any muscular movements. I was apparently floating about in space, but clearly that would not affect him or his instrument—that only affected me.

"You don't mind me floating about, do you? That doesn't affect your instrument, does it?"

"You're wriggling," he said.

"I'm just getting comfortable. I'll be still for a quarter of an hour."

I lay still for what seemed about a quarter of an hour, floating for much of the time.

"There you are," I said. "I hope you got a good record."

"You were still for about a minute," he said.

The thought occurred to me that since time seemed to pass so slowly, and since my speech seemed at this particular period to be of normal speed, it would seem to follow that I would be able to utter many more words in a given time than would normally be possible. Accordingly the attempt was made, at my suggestion, to count up to as high a number as possible in five seconds. I seemed to count very rapidly for a long time, but I only got as far as thirty.

The experiment had started at 10:15 a.m. and it was now 4 p.m. We had had sandwiches and coffee for lunch. It was thought to be safe to take me along for a cup of tea in the common room. The custom is to take afternoon tea somewhat early, so that now, at 4 p.m., only one person remained, a pharmacologist who was a good friend of mine. He knew all about LSD, and looked at me pityingly. I began talking to him with the boring, monotonous, half-nonsense speech I was compelled to turn out.

"Now then, Bobby. I know I am boring you, you see I can't stop talking. I am cut off from reality, but one thing is very real and that is the terrible look of boredom in your eye. So please don't go on listening."

Back we went to the laboratory. It was about that time I first felt that I was split into two people. The following report is made with particular care:

THERE were two of me walking down the corridor. The two people were not very accurately localized in space, but the main one corresponded in position to where I would have been had there been only one of me. The shadowy, or more tenuous individual, the naughty one, was slightly to the left. We could talk to each other, exchanging verbal thoughts, but not talking aloud.

The main person was really me, but in an improved form. He was a very strong character. He had an effortless strength that I never knew before that I possessed. The other individual on the left was much less well known to me.

"Why not jump out of a window?" he said to me.

The invitation had a compulsive quality which was difficult to resist. But just as I was considering it, the main person answered for me, speaking with effortless strength.

"Of course not. Don't be such a bloody fool!"

I was delighted with this man—with myself, that is. I thought, "I had no idea what strength of character I had."

Those in charge were beginning to get a bit worried as to what was to be done with me. The effects which would normally have worn off by now were lasting for an unexpectedly long time.

They asked me whether I thought it was safe for me to go home.

"Take me home," I said abruptly.

I was a little worried that I might want to jump out of the window when I got home, but decided to rely on my super-self to look after the naughty one. I never told the experimenters that I was at times double.

The lady psychiatrist was to take me home, so she asked me to tell her the way.

"Hell, it's up to *you* to get me home" was the thought that was in my mind. What I said was, "Drive round this roundabout [traffic circle—see map at bottom of this column] for about a quarter of an hour and then turn off to the left. I'll tell you when we come to it."

It cannot have taken much more time than was used in uttering that sentence to have driven a quarter of the way around the roundabout. But it seemed that that remark took the usual time and yet occupied only an inconsiderable proportion of the long time which appeared to elapse in going around the roundabout.

The psychiatrist seemed worried.

"Is this the turning?" she asked.

"You've been driving quite a time now. Yes, I should think this is it. Try it, anyway", I replied.

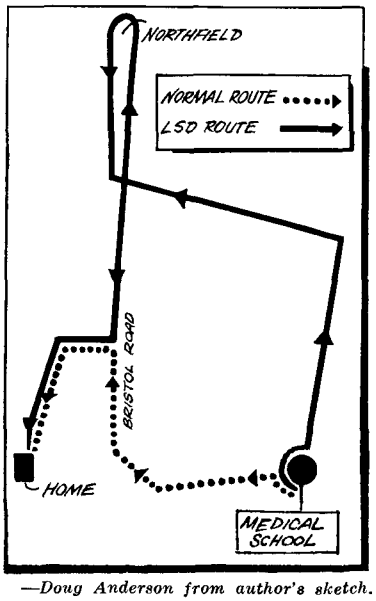
The road we were on was not recognizable, but I had ceased to bother. The day's work was over, and I relaxed. Actually, as the map shows, we had gone 180 degrees around.

I was prepared for the journey home, which is one mile precisely, to seem very long in the car. So I settled down to endure it.

"Bristol Road," I said. "When you come to Bristol Road you turn right, then left down Bournbrook Road."

She did turn right down Bristol Road (see map) but, being wrong already, that turn took her farther wrong.

It was really surprising how much the psychiatrist relied on me to direct her to my home. I must have failed entirely to convey to her my inability to interpret the changing world around me. I could, however, feel her anxiety and worry, and could see that she had her family on her mind. But one of the final symptoms of LSD was beginning to develop in me, and that was lassitude and complete selfishness. I did not care



—Doug Anderson from author's sketch.

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Background

LSD, or lysergic acid diethylamide, is a semi-synthetic derivative of ergot, the powerful muscle-contracting drug found in a purple-black fungus of the wheat grain. The drug's hallucinitory properties were discovered accidentally twenty years ago by a chemist named Hoffman. Mr. Hoffman's first name undoubtedly would be more widely known today if LSD had proved practical in treatment of diseased mentalities. Unfortunately, LSD is not dependable in therapy. Some schizophrenics respond to it favorably, but others regress while under its influence; still others have been able to describe differences between the symptoms associated with their sickness and the symptoms produced by administration of the drug. Consequently, LSD is not used as a medicine for emotional disorders but as a research tool to uncover secrets of the mind.

LSD's effects are similar to those of an older drug, mescaline, which differs chemically from LSD but is now believed by some researchers to change into something like LSD before acting on the brain. A tiny amount of LSD will do the work of a large dose of mescaline. So far as it is understood, the mechanism apparently involves adrenalin metabolism, perhaps with serotonin as an intermediary.

LSD's effects ordinarily last four to six hours. The experience described in adjacent columns lasted several weeks. The experimental subject. Dr. Harry Asher, is a lecturer in psysiology at the University of Birmingham, England. That modern rarity, a lone-wolf researcher, he has studied visual functions for fifteen years. The full account of his bout with LSD takes up all of Chapter Nine of his new book, "Experiments in Seeing," published by Basic Books at $4.95 per copy.

if her children were waiting for her, or if she had a party. If her house had been on fire, that would have been entirely her problem.

"We may be wrong. We may be right. Drive what way you will," I said.

She stopped to ask a policeman the way. And, after what I believe now was a real half hour's car drive, we arrived home.

The psychiatrist explained the situation to my wife:

"He can't help talking," she said, gave a brief résumé of the case, and then drove off.

"No, thank you, darling, I think I won't come in just now," I said to my wife. "I will go for a walk. Keep the children away from me, will you please?"

I had a compulsive urge to do violence to my children, and did not like to tell her about it.

"Are you safe? Can you get back?" she asked. For her, the situation must have been extremely distressing.

"I haven't a hope of crossing a road with traffic on it. How can I possibly judge speed?" I replied. "But I can go round the block. I will always turn left. It is about half a mile round, so you will see me going past from time to time!"

And I set off.

Although the nausea was still present, the muscular system felt in order, and the exercise was more pleasing than usual. Also, the concertina effect added interest. I had a feeling, too, that the exercise would help to work off the effects of the drug. There was no difficulty in recognizing the different streets, and no question of becoming lost.

I MUST have gone around a great many times. I remember passng some people to whom my wife and I had previously made a friendly approach, but who had snubbed us decisively. Should I now, with the license, as it were, of being able to blame any peculiarity of behavior on the drug, go and tell them what I thought of them? But no, I did not. The ordinary natural human reserve prevented it. I noticed this myself and regarded it as a most excellent sign that the drug action was abating.

I still could not stop talking to myself on the way round. But I could not sense when I was really talking and when I was merely having verbal thoughts. To find out, I would place a hand to my lips. I could then tell from the movement felt whether I was talking or not. Whenever the test was made, I was talking, but could not stop.

I got into conversation with one gentleman who was cutting his hedge. For an Englishman to speak to a near neighbor after passing him perhaps six times during an evening walk may, since there was no one to introduce us, suggest a certain lack of reserve, but the fact that the conversation did not start until the sixth encounter was an indication that recovery had started.

After walking around the block, at a brisk pace, for about an hour to an hour and a half, I went into my own garden.

"Keep the children away from me, please!" I said to my wife. I could not convey to her how important it was that she should do this, nor do I know myself to this day how great the gap was between the violent thoughts in my mind and their possible execution.

Most fortunately, the children were both in a blessedly happy and amenable mood. When Patria called they ran into the drawing-room, settled round her, and she began to read to them, having explained that father was not well and that he wanted to sit undisturbed in the garden. I settled down in a deck chair, bathed in the evening sunlight, and looked at the happy little group in the drawing-room, which I could see through the french windows. The children could see me looking at them, and waved to me.

That scene made a big impression. I felt that I was a long way off, and that no effort of mine could bring me any nearer. But I knew it would be all right if I waited; so I waved back to them, and settled down to wait.

The nauseau wore off, and other effects of the LSD seemed to be abating. So after a while I agreed to read to the elder child, Robert, in bed. The reading was a failure from his point of view. His father seemed inattentive, and to be reading so poorly and slurring his speech so badly that the story was barely intelligible. From my point of view, the concertina and stretching effects were troublesome again. The boy seemed to have such peculiar limbs.

While I was reading to Robert, Patria was ringing up some friends, both doctors, who had invited us to have dinner with them that evening.

"I would much rather bring him along than leave him at home with the 'sitter-in' and the children," she explained, "if you don't mind."

So off we went to dinner.

Over coffee, in my slow and boring way, I began to address my host on the subject of fireplaces, and the theory of heating dwellings.

"THERE is a little man on the roof," I said, and paused, confident that I could resume without being interrupted. There are few who dare pause in a conversation. Most of us have to scurry on desperately, fully conscious that if the flow weakens someone else will nip in. It is rare to manage the pause. Two very effective constituents of the technique are, firstly, to get your audience to lose the thread of the conversation, and that had been ensured with my opening remark, and, secondly, to have the confidence not to mind boring the audience. This I had to the full.

"He has a thermometer in his hand," I continued. "He measures the temperature of the smoke. 'Bad,' he says. 'Too hot.' Now, with any convenient ap-

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paratus, he measures the mass of smoke and of hot air, i.e., the mass of all that comes up the chimney. Knowing the mass and the temperature change, he calculates the amount of heat entering the sky."

My host politely adjusted his features to simulate interest, but his distress was apparent. Furthermore, I knew he had got me quite wrong. He thought that I thought there was a little man on the roof with a thermometer and a telephone. I knew perfectly well there was not. My mental processes, in respect to thinking of the little man, were approximately normal. That is the way that I, and probably many others, would normally consider the question of heat waste in fires. The only abnormal aspect was reporting the mental processes directly, instead of transposing them, as one normally would, by saying "The heat loss to the sky is equal to that absorbed by raising the temperature of the waste gases from the temperature of the room to that in the chimney."

"He phones down," I went on. "He says, 'How much fuel have you burnt?' You tell him. 'Your efficiency is only five per cent,' he replies. Don't you see? The only thing he needs to know is how much fuel has been used, and how much heat has gone into the sky. Then he knows what the efficiency is!"

We went home, Patria driving of course, and so to bed. I did not take the barbiturate sleeping tablet I had been given. I had had enough drugs for one day.

THE night was very wakeful, but it did not seem too long. An eye was seen very clearly from time to time in the darkness. This was neither distressing nor particularly interesting. Just an eye—rather diagrammatic.

Next day, unfortunately, I still was not right. There was no question of getting out of bed. I just lay there talking, babbling rather, mostly about my past. Often I cried, which was very distressing for my wife, who naturally thought it represented a condition of deep grief. As far as I can remember it did not. It was as though my body were crying and I was outside it, admittedly feeling rather hopeless, but not moved to tears.

The color distortion was still there. The psychiatrist and others from the laboratory came to see me, looking very worried—and *green*. All their faces had that unpleasant green tinge.

I still wanted to jump out of the window, but had no feeling of wanting to commit suicide. It was an absolutely specific compulsion to jump out of one particular window in the bedroom. I was no longer split into two, and the very strong character who had been so easily able to resist the temptation before had gone. The temptation was vaguely associated with the naughty character, but he was not very distinct from me now. It was more as if I myself wanted, in a purely irresponsible way, to jump out of the window.

I WAS in bed for a few days and, when not babbling or crying, I lay very limp and completely apathetic. I must try to convey why I made no attempt to get up and generally pull myself together, because the reason was interesting and important. I saw my own mind divided somewhat in the way that Freud sees it, divided into parts having different functions at different levels. As in his scheme, the different functions and different levels were represented as having different positions in the diagram. In this case the diagram was not drawn, but was thought of as being in the head. Now one part of this diagram was "will power". It was rather low down, and lines went vaguely from it to other parts of the brain which represented different channels through which the will power could exert its effects.

I could see quite clearly in the diagram that this drug had paralysed the "will power" section. I can remember saying, "I'm prepared to do battle against the ordinary afflictions, but hell! —I've nothing left to do battle *with*. This drug has cut me off at the source. It's completely knocked out the *will power*".

After a fortnight I was still very jumpy and susceptible to illusions. In the bathroom, I would see pictures made from the irregular condensation of steam on the walls. The pictures in steam were noble, and reminded me of the strange sweetness of the women by the seaside.

Then there was the insect.

One morning, on looking into the sink, I saw this enormous creature, standing at one edge. It looked so real that I frankly did not know what sort of action to take. Rather feebly I blew on it, and to my horror it made grotesque movements, impossible for any normal insect to achieve; and with these movements it fluttered around the sink. The illusion of the movement lasted only about one second. But one second can be a long time, and the sensation in the solar plexus was felt very strongly indeed. Then, with immense relief, I could see it was only the black charred remains of a piece of paper.

The most striking illusion of all was the Christmas card on the mantelpiece of the nursery at home. One day, coming down to the nursery stove before breakfast, I saw a horrific face looking out of the card. Again there was that shock of fear. I braced myself to look this damned face straight in the eyes. It would not change into any other kind of picture. I walked up closer, and then I could see it was really nothing but a little drawing of a cottage. I took a step back, and again the horrific-face interpretation reappeared. At a certain critical distance the two pictures alternated just exactly in the same way as the cubes commonly shown on inlay patterns will alter suddenly and independently of any effort of the will. I began to practice obtaining the cottage, and repressing the face. I used to do these exercises for perhaps one minute every morning, to try to learn to suppress the horrific images.

IT would make a nice story to say how I thus became master of my fate, and cured myself by my own determined efforts. But things didn't happen that way.

For several months I was dependent on barbiturates in order to get a reasonable amount of sleep. After that, I could manage to sleep from 12 p.m. until about 4 a.m. most nights without any drug. The time from then on passed pleasantly enough, and the insomnia was not a thing which mattered much. Normally I was a very heavy sleeper, and it was surprising to me to realize how much time is wasted in bed. One morning, to reduce this waste, I got up at 5 a.m. and spent three hours breaking up old bricks in the garden before breakfast. Whether it was the bricks or a coincidence will never be known, but that day marked the end of the insomnia. A great sleepiness overwhelmed me by 8 p.m. the next evening. For the first time for months a full night's sleep was obtained, and a normal sleep rhythm was established very shortly afterwards.

The only definite permanent effect which has been observed to follow my taking thirty millionths of a gram of lyseric acid is that after-images are now always seen more vividly than ever they were before. But if the condition I had been in was schizophrenia, my sympathy for those so afflicted has been increased many times.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE COMPUTER AS A BOTANIST

A British Experiment in Artificial Intelligence

IN any day and age some scientific opinions have been less acceptable than others. Galileo found himself in difficulties as a result of holding currently unfashionable views on the manner in which the universe conducted itself; and in Galileo's day you suffered, if suffer you did, at the hands of the Church or State. Nowadays, it has been wisely remarked, if anybody burnt a scientist at the stake it would be his fellow-scientists; for the modern counterpart of the phenomenon is that some scientific activities are professionally less respectable than others. A recent example is the melancholy argument over extrasensory perception, where the dispute seems to have been less over whether or not it actually happens, than as to whether a reputable scientist ought to investigate it.

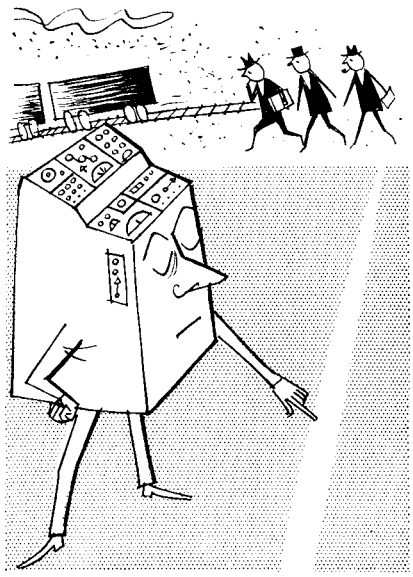
Another scientific activity which is at present in some disrepute is that which involves the extraction, from a complex mass of data, of some form of underlying pattern or general principle —an activity which occupies the time of many of those engaged in examining living organisms, whether these be plants, animals, or even that special animal, the human being. One reason for the present denigration of this pursuit arises, I believe, out of lack of understanding of the logical processes involved. The extrication of patterns is an entirely human activity, and those who are most gifted in this respect are far from clear as to how they do it, and are seldom able to teach the process to others.

If we can show that the pattern-making process can be reduced to a set of rigorous mathematical transformations, we can make it objective, universally available and respectable. A computer may be regarded as a model of some aspects of the human brain. Can a program be written for a computer which will enable it, when given a set of data, to extricate an underlying pattern?

Consider the problem of establishing the pattern in an area of vegetation. A human ecologist will walk over the area, using—not always consciously—many different items of information, and drawing extensively on his past experience. A computer cannot see the area, but will instead be provided with information concerning a series of small sample areas ("quadrats") arranged in a grid over the whole area. This information will consist solely of the presence of named plants. The name of each plant species will be given to the computer in a numerical code.

In some experiments at Southampton University we identified the species in this manner and then asked a Ferranti *Pegasus* computer to find patterns in the vegetation thus described.

In the first of three test areas—a strip of New Forest heathland near Beaulieu Road Station—my colleague and I hoped that the computer would extract and delimit patches of ground burnt by sparks from passing trains. It did so, but stigmatized these as of only minor importance and indicated that



—*Doug Anderson.*

it would be more important to divide the area neatly into two.

Acting on the computer's advice, we made a detailed examination of the site and discovered that the dividing line the computer drew had defined a soil difference—the boundary between Barton Sand and Plateau Gravel—which was far from obvious on the surface. The computer was, of course, perfectly right in assigning to this boundary the greater importance; for it is a permanent difference, whereas the burning changes, though more spectacular, are transitory.

Chastened by this experience, we selected a very strikingly zoned area of the heath, ranging from dry heath to bog. Here we were reasonably confident that not even the most fallible botanist could err; and we were comforted when the computer produced precisely the same patterns as our own.

Our third test area was the now classic Rockland—Claxton level, in the Norfolk Broads. This had been surveyed some years earlier with the help of a group of students, and the resulting maps—which were fully accepted by ecologists—related the major heterogeneities to differences in soil and grazing. The computer agreed on the soil pattern, paid no attention to the grazing pattern, and again firmly divided the area along an unexpected line—which this time was manifestly the parish boundary!

Historical investigation provided the reason for this ecclesiastical interest: The 1840 tithe-maps show that by that date one of the parishes had drained its land, the other had not. The difference was still detectable in distinct types of vegetation.

All in all, the results fulfilled, and even exceeded, our expectations. In two of three cases the computer did better than human beings, in the sense that it revealed discontinuities which had been overlooked by its human colleagues but which on investigation proved to be of major importance. There is, then, no doubt that patterns can be extricated by computers by mathematical operations on the data. This should be a great relief to biologists, since it it today regarded as a mark of prestige if one's scientific activities, whatever they may look like to the casual observer, can be claimed to be, in reality, mathematics.

But does the fact that a computer can beat a human being at an essentially human activity carry any sinister long-term implications? In science fiction, which is the literature of extrapolation, there is to be found the recurrent theme of the omniscient computer which ultimately takes over the ordering of human life and affairs. Is this possible?

I believe it is not. I also believe that the arguments commonly advanced to refute the possibility are wrong.

First, it is often said that computers 'do not really think'. This, I submit,

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is nonsense. If computers do not think, then nor do human beings. For how do I detect the process of thinking? I present data—say, an examination paper—to a student, which he scans with a photoelectric organ we call an 'eye'; the computer scans its data with a photoelectric organ we call a 'tape-reader'. There is then a period when nothing obvious happens, though electrical changes can be demonstrated on the monitor-tube of a computer or on the corresponding device—an electro-encephalogram—for the student. Lastly, information based on the data is transcribed by means of a mechanical organ called a 'hand' by the student and a 'teleprinter' by the computer.

Secondly, it is said that computers 'only do what they are told', that they have to be programmed for every computation they undertake. But I, too, had to be programmed for these activities, but I happened to call my programmers by different names, such as 'schoolteacher,' 'lecturer' or 'professor.'

Lastly, we are told that computers, unlike human beings, cannot interpret their own results. But interpretation is always of one set of information in the light of another set of information; it consists simply of finding the point pattern in two sets of data. The mathematics of doing this is cumbersome, but well known; the computer would be perfectly willing to do the job if it were asked.

The memory store of a human brain, though slow and uncertain of access, is vastly larger than that of any computer yet built or conceived; but this is not a fundamental difference, and will become less important as computers get larger.

The human brain contains many separate thinking paths, all elaborately cross-connected; whereas even the largest computers have few distinct paths, with little cross-connection. This, again, is purely a matter of computer design, and could be overcome if we desired to do so.

A vital distinction between computers and men, hitherto completely overlooked, does nevertheless remain. It was first pointed out by my colleague, Mr. A. R. Manser. Briefly, human beings *want* to compute; and the reasons for their wanting are unrelated to the things they compute. For human beings are provided with more than brains; they have reproductive systems, digestive systems and the like. These supply them with drives, impulses, needs, wants, desires — and some of these uniquely human requirements may be satisfied by mental activity.

Computers, being only brains, live in a cold world, free from all such desires and free, therefore, from the desire to think; and we shall be safe from their domination so long as we continue to build them solely as brains.

One danger remains. Computers, even in the very human field of pattern-making, are so much faster and more reliable than human beings that we may be tempted to delegate to them all our computational activities; computation would then become something that men never do. But something men never do soon becomes something men never teach; and all our knowledge of the manifold skills of computing could be lost within a few generations.

—W. T. WILLIAMS
in *Nature*, Vol. 197, No. 4872
($23.00 the volume).

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXVI

—*Harris and Ewing.*

PATRONESS OF BIRDSONG

Miss Rachel Carson

IN DAYS when it is unfashionable for scientists to be deeply concerned about the cumulative and often distant consequences of their experiments, when technical skill in bringing about change is respected above any appraisal of disturbance the changes may make in the delicately interdependent multitude of earth's life forms, the human family owes especial gratitude to Miss Rachel Carson.

This shy female bachelor biologist has wagered her entire reputation (and it is considerable, despite the omission of her name from *American Men of Science*) against an army of propagandists richly paid by chemical manufacturers and provided with free and respectable lecture platforms by societies of chemists.

After surviving a year-long series of inspired attacks, Miss Carson's book, "Silent Spring" (Houghton Mifflin, 1962), has finally provoked a counter-attack from the Science Advisory Committee to the President of the United States. In a formal report released during May 1963, PSAC not only confirmed Miss Carson's warning that pesticides are silencing the song of life but noted that her book was the only popular source of dependable information bearing on the tragedy.

The New York Times has declared its editorial opinion that Miss Carson deserves the Nobel prize. Were the literature of science ever given the recognition the history of science merits, she would already possess that award for her earlier marine triology: "Under the Sea Wind" (1941), "The Sea Around Us" (1951), and "The Edge of the Sea" (1955). But time remains, and President John F. Kennedy's recent public praise of her work may influence the judges in Stockholm.

If, as a fellow Pennsylvanian (Miss Carson was born in Springdale, Pa., 56 years ago and won a B.A. at the Pennsylvania College for Women before going on for an M.A. in biology at Johns Hopkins) and a fellow editor (she was for many years editor-in-chief of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service), I might be granted a word on this matter, I would urge caution rather than elation at this seemingly favorable moment. I recall that during the five-year struggle for control over dangerous chemicals used as drugs, the issuance of a critical report by a panel of the National Academy of Sciences became a signal for complacency. Science had delivered the problem into the lap of the Congress. Science had no further responsibility. What is to prevent the PSAC report on "Use of Pesticides" from experiencing a parallel history? After all, the most significant statement in the report was: "In the end, society must decide."

Shy people are the toughest fighters. I suspect that Miss Rachel Carson will need all the shyness she's got before the birds again herald the spring with exultant song.

—J.L.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Brookhaven.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

By seemingly miraculous paths, to a steadily lengthening human lifespan. But the miracles are only apparent, and they mislead people into forgetting that evolution proceeds regardless of appearances. Death is necessary to timely selection of species. Nature's provision for the end must be as unfailing as the mechanism of the beginning. Yet no specific biological herald of death has ever been identified. What could it be? A hormone, perhaps? The idea has poetry in it, for the word hormone means messenger.

Hormones are enzymes, the catalytic agents of life. The role of enzymes is imaginatively examined in "Horizons in Biochemistry," a book of essays published by Academic Press as a tribute to the life work of Nobel laureate Albert Szent-Gyorgyi. Below is a briefened statement of a speculation advanced in that volume.

BY D. E. KOSHLAND, JR.
Brookhaven National Laboratory

AT FIRST sound, it may seem intolerable to say that a person is a collection of catalysts. Catalysts are, after all, cheap and plentiful in industrial chemistry and do not possess the properties of life. Fortunately, the catalysts in our bodies are special. They are called enzymes and they do have qualities essential to the sustenance of life—qualities which up to now have not been duplicated by man. The changes they promote are wrought at incredible speeds. The transformations occur, furthermore, at body temperatures and at pressures no greater than that of the air around us. Even under man-made excesses of heat and compression, catalysts other than enzymes perform their work inelegantly, with little sense of discrimination. But every enzyme is a specialist with a precise job to do and an exquisite sensitivity to the circumstances surrounding its performance.

Our developing knowledge of enzymes may provide us with a new frontier in research. Would it be possible to make synthetic enzymes of much smaller molecular weight than the native enzymes? The preponderance of evidence suggests that a small "active site" which is only a fraction of the total enzyme is responsible for enzyme catalysis. The rest of the structure appears to be a framework designed to hold the catalytic and specificity groups in the proper three-dimensioned orientation. Presumably some day methods may be found for designing only an active site with a low molecular weight superstructure.

These molecules would in the first place be far more stable than proteins and hence their usefulness in industrial processes would be greater. A column of synthetic enzyme over which reactants would be passed might last indefinitely. A column packed with enzymes in a sequential array might place the advantages of the sequential processes of the living cell in the hands of laboratory and commerical producers of chemicals.

More important is the potentiality of medical application of synthetic enzymes. The correction of "inborn errors of metabolism" [inherited disease] and of the "aging process" would seem to be two areas where synthetic enzymes might be of value. As the infectious diseases steadily come under greater control by antimetabolities and antibiotics, the relative importance of the genetic diseases, of the degenerative diseases, and of the aging process will rise. How is therapy to be applied in these cases?

In the case of the "inborn errors of metabolism" it is conceivable to remedy the situation by injection of a synthetic enzyme or a synthetic inhibitor, depending on whether a deficiency or an excess is to be corrected. The insulin treatment of diabetes would be a somewhat distant analog of such a treatment. A more efficient process would be to correct the genetic defect at its source, i.e., on the chromosome. Our current knowledge of genetics suggests that a chemical defect in the DNA [nucleric acid code of life] molecule at a specific locus becomes translated into a deficient enzyme and hence to a metabolic defect. Repairing this locus would require a specific reagent and a synthetic enzyme would seem to be a possible solution.

THE "aging process" is today still not understood and theories of its nature are diverse. A speculative hypothesis which is consistent with the theories of enzyme structure and hormone action mentioned above is that there is a "death hormone."

Other hormones—growth hormone, pressor hormones, gonadotropic hormones—have clear-cut roles which aid the living organism. It may seem ridiculous to assume that the delicate machinery would also synthesize a deleterious hormone designed for its own destruction. On second thought, however, death has value to the species as a whole even if it is unpleasant for the individual.

If natural selection is believed, death of the individual provides a mechanism for improvement of the species as a whole. It is nature's way of correcting errors and developing new and more efficient living systems. It allows living systems to adapt to environmental changes. As more adaptable, less environmentally sensitive forms evolved, complex growth patterns were controlled by hormonal messengers linked to built-in timetables. Why not, therefore, add an agent to ensure that death should occur naturally even in the absence of accidents?

Where would one look for such a hormone? How would it act?

The symptoms of age, e.g., desiccation, decrease in metabolic rates, would seem to provide some clues for experimental approaches to the search of such a hormone. In view of the preceding discussion, the possibility that the "death hormone" is a general enzyme inhibitor rather than one blocking a specific enzyme, would also seem worthy of consideration. The juvenile hormone apparently acts by inhibiting hormones or enzymes which cause metamorphosis; hence some analogy for such a message of death mechanism can be found.

If a hormone for a time-controlled decay is built into living systems, an enzyme or drug designed to counteract that hormone would be of considerable interest.

I am speculating, of course—not stating conclusions from completed experiments. Time will judge my evaluation. In describing any horizon, there is always danger of seeing castles in the sand, but there is also danger of timidity.

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Art, Architecture

THE ART OF THE WEST IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Vol. 1: Romanesque Art. Vol. II: Gothic Art. By Henri Focillon. Translated by Donald King. New York Graphic Society. Each, $7.95.

SOME CONTEMPORARY ELEMENTS IN CLASSICAL CHINESE ART. By Tseng Yu-ho. Univ. of Hawaii Press. $2.

Business, Economics

THE CHALLENGES FACING MANAGEMENT. By Don G. Mitchell. New York Univ. Press. $2.50.

THE ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF KENYA. By the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. Johns Hopkins Press. $8.50.

EXECUTIVE REORGANIZATION AND THE NEW DEAL: The Genesis of Administrative Management, 1900-1939. By Barry Karl. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

JOURNEYS TOWARD PROGRESS. By Albert G. Hirschman. 20th Century Fund. $4.

MANAGEMENT THOUGHT IN A DYNAMIC ECONOMY. By John F. Mee. New York Univ. Press. $3.

A PRIMER ON GOVERNMENT SPENDING. By Robert L. Heilbroner and Peter L. Bernstein. Random House. $3.50. (See page 21.)

Current Affairs

CHILDREN OF THE DEVELOPING COUNTRIES: A Report by UNICEF. World. $3.95.

THE HANDBOOK OF AFRICA. By Violaine I. Junod and Idrian N. Resnick. New York Univ. Press. $10.

LAW, MORALITY, AND WAR IN THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD. By Richard A. Falk. Praeger. $4.

THE POLITICS OF ITALIAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Norman Kogan. Praeger. $5.

THE STRUCTURE OF POLITICAL THOUGHT. By C. N. R. McCoy. McGraw-Hill. $7.75.

Essays

ESSAYS FROM SELECT BRITISH ELOQUENCE. By Chauncey Allen Goodrich. Edited by A. Craig Baird. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $7.50.

FIVE MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. By Sir William Temple. Edited by Samuel Holt Monk. Univ. of Michigan Press. $5.

Fiction

THE COIN OF CARTHAGE. By Bryher. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE EDGE OF THE STORM. By Agustin Yañez. Translated by Ethel Brinton. Univ. of Texas Press. $6.50.

ERASMUS—WITH FRECKLES. By John Haase. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THE GIFT. By Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam. $5.95. (See page 17.)

THE PRINCIPAL. By Benjamin Siegel. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN. By Morris L. West. Morrow. $4.95.

THE GREATER DARKNESS. By David Rubin. Farrar, Straus. $4.95.

POSSESSION. By Kamala Markandaya. John Day. $4.50. (*SR*, May 25.)

History

THE AGE OF RECONNAISSANCE: Discovery, Exploration, and Settlement, 1450-1650. By J. H. Parry. World. $7.50.

THE DARKEST DAY: 1814. By Charles G. Muller. Lippincott. $3.95.

DEATH OF A REPUBLIC: Politics and Political Thought at Rome 59-44 B.C. By John Dickinson. Edited by George Lee Haskins. Macmillan. $7.50.

HITLER'S GERMANY. By Claude David. Translated by Anne-Marie Geoghegan. Walker. $3.50.

THE HOLSTEIN PAPERS: Vol. IV. Edited by Norman Rich and M. H. Fisher. Cambridge Univ. Press. $22.50. (Set, $45.)

THE PAPERS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON: Vol. VII. Edited by Harold C. Syrett and Jacob E. Cooke. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.50. (Subscription price, $10 per volume.)

THE REVOLT OF THE CATALANS: A Study of the Decline of Spain, 1598-1640. By John Huxtable Elliott. Cambridge Univ. Press. $12.50.

A SHORT HISTORY OF AFRICA. By Roland Oliver and J. D. Fage. New York Univ. Press. $6.50.

Literary Criticism

CHANGING STYLES IN LITERARY STUDIES. By Helen C. White. (1963 presidential address, Modern Humanities Research Association.) Cambridge Univ. Press. Paperback. 75¢.

GOLDEN LATIN ARTISTRY. By L. P. Wilkinson. Cambridge Univ. Press. $9.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CRITICS: From Ben Jonson to T. S. Eliot. By F. E. Halliday. Schocken. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

BOOK SELECTION AND COLLECTIONS: A Comparison of German and American University Libraries. By J. Periam Danton. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

Mysteries

MURDER A LA MODE. By Patricia Moyes. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.75.

Personal History

THE CONTRARY EXPERIENCE: Autobiographies. By Sir Herbert Read. Horizon. $6.50.

EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE: Shapers of Science Fiction. By Sam Moskowitz. World. $6.

IN THE THICKET. By Solomon Simon. Translated by Moshe Speigel. Jewish Publication Society. $4.

MEMOIRS OF MY PEOPLE: Jewish Self-Portraits. Edited by Leo W. Schwarz. Schocken. Paperback, $1.95.

A. MITCHELL PALMER: POLITICIAN. By Stanley Coben. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

RICHARD STRAUSS: A Critical Commentary on His Life and Works. Vol. I. By Norman Del Mar. Free Press. $12.50.

BEATRICE WEBB'S AMERICAN DIARY, 1898. Edited by David Shannon. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $4.50.

WOODROW WILSON: A Brief Biography. By Arthur S. Link. World. $3.95.

Poetry

THE ANATHEMATA. By David Jones. Chilmark. $5.75.

POETRY: A Closer Look. By James M. Ried, John Ciardi, and Lawrence Perrine. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.50.

STAND UP, FRIEND, WITH ME. By Edward Field. Grove. $2.50.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CHURCH AS THE BODY OF CHRIST. Edited by Robert S. Pelton, C. S. C. Univ. of Notre Dame Press. $2.95.

FAITH AND HISTORY IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. By R. A. F. MacKenzie, S. J. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $3.75.

THE HASIDIC ANTHOLOGY: Tales and Teachings of the Hasidim. By Louis I. Newman. Schocken. Paperback, $2.45.

I BELIEVE IN GOD: A Meditation on the Apostles' Creed. By Paul Claudel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.50.

THE JEWISH-CHRISTIAN ARGUMENT: A History of Theologies in Conflict. By Hans Joachim Schoeps. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

LETTERS FROM VATICAN CITY. By Xavier Rynne. Farrar, Straus. $3.95.

THE NEW RELIGIONS OF JAPAN. By Harry Thomsen. Charles E. Tuttle. $5.

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS: A New Translation from the Original Spanish. By Thomas Corbishley, S. J. Kenedy. $2.95.

Sociology

ATTITUDES AND SOCIAL RELATIONS OF FOREIGN STUDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Claire Selltiz, June R. Christ, Joan Havel, and Stuart W. Cook. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $9.

THE CROSS AND THE SWITCHBLADE. By Rev. David Wilkerson. Bernard Geis. $4.95.

THE OUTBURSTS THAT AWAIT US: Three Essays on Religion and Culture in the United States. By Arthur Hertzberg, Martin E. Marty, and Joseph N. Moody. Macmillan. $4.50.

PERSONALITY AND SOCIAL SYSTEMS. By Neil J. Smelser and William T. Smelser. John Wiley. $7.95.

SOCIAL CONTROL IN AN AFRICAN SOCIETY. By Philip H. Gulliver. New York Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE GOOD CITY. By Lawrence Haworth. Indiana Univ. Press. $4.50.

Theatre, Films

INDIAN FILM. By Eric Barnouw and Subrahmanyam. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Courageous Way

(*Continued from page* 26)

adds up to the fact that the salvation of the Danish Jews depended initially on isolated acts of courage—but these evoked responses, first, in the Danish government, which rejected an ultimatum of the Germans in August 1943; second, from King Christian, who supported those who resisted; third, from the Swedish government, which finally was pushed into accepting the Danish-Jewish refugees, and, last but not least, from the Danish people, who, by and large, awoke to a sense of their tradition of racial tolerance and acted according to it.

What is made clear is that courage and principle were very effective forces in dealing with the Nazis. When shown with sufficient firmness by a local population they shook even the Germans themselves. This is encouraging on the one hand; but, on the other, it also reveals what a lack of both there was in most European countries between 1933 and 1945. There is no "formula for humanity"; what is required is simply that people should not only have moral qualities in their personal lives but be prepared to put them into action in society.

The Odds Are on Man

Here to Stay, *by John Hersey (Knopf. 336 pp. $5), reprints nine essays dedicated to man's capacity to endure. Wilson Sullivan is a member of SR's editorial staff.*

By WILSON SULLIVAN

THE DRAMA of human tenacity gives life to nine articles by John Hersey reprinted in *Here to Stay.* Though intermittently precious and distended, the selections are moving, even inspiring. They deserve rereading.

"The great themes," Mr. Hersey tells us, "are love and death; their synthesis is the will to live." Reviewing man's fight to stay alive against apparently insuperable odds, the author is persuaded that man, given nuclear sanity, is here to stay.

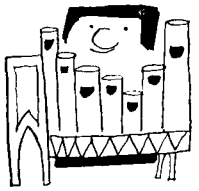
Mr. Hersey's examples in support of his case range from a Winsted, Connecticut, steeplejack saving old ladies from a hurricane to John F. Kennedy, himself near death, struggling to rescue his men in the waters of the Solomons. Slippery old chestnuts, these; but in Hersey's hands they attest man's "astonishing resources for holding onto life."

The author's portraits are broad-brush and brusque, but wise. They include a refugee Hungarian lawyer discovering, rather late, the goodness of people beyond the confines of his study; a G.I. amputee emerging from crippling self-pity to creativity; a PFC cured of a psychosomatic "loss" of a leg.

Mr. Hersey's best chapters are his most obvious. There is the story of Albert Stirner, an intellectual Berlin lawyer bullied at Auschwitz during the desperate, declining days of the Thousand-Year Reich, when word had gone out to "kill them all." In this personalized account of the atrocity against six million Jews Hersey reports tragedy with electric horror: the sundered families, the cattle-car deportations, the crematories built by their own victims, and the gentle Stirner, who loved only his own family more than his Buber and Bach.

The book also includes the author's famous "Hiroshima." As he recounts the ineffable horror of the "noiseless flash" that killed or doomed 100,000 people in an instant of time, we realize that individual heroism such as Stirner's is rendered meaningless if the human species itself is not to survive. We tend to forget the nameless hell of Hiroshima now, eighteen years later. But Hersey reminds us: of the doctor who worked nineteen hours without stopping; of the eyes melting on the cheeks of those who took one glance at the bomb flash; of the mocking verdure of plants, nourished by radiation, pushing up through the broken city of men.

This book is offered not as a sedative but as adrenalin. "Man's greatest hazard of violence," Hersey writes, "is not flood or fire . . . or famine; it is his own capacity to act on the worst in his nature." Man's hope is the "courage-giving force of a sense of community."



Literary Horizons

(*Continued from page* 17)

tricks and mystifications but because the book was written for an audience saturated in Russian literature. In his preface the author states:

> Its heroine is not Zina but Russian Literature. The plot of Chapter One centers in Fyodor's poems. Chapter Two is a surge towards Pushkin in Fyodor's literary progress and contains his attempt to describe his father's zoological explorations. Chapter Three shifts to Gogol, but its real hub is the love poem dedicated to Zina. Fyodor's book on Chernychevski, a spiral within a sonnet, takes care of Chapter Four. The last chapter combines all the preceding themes and adumbrates the book Fyodor dreams of writing some day: *The Gift.*

It is a novel about the making of a poet and, very specifically, a Russian poet. To appreciate it fully, one would not only have to know the Russian classics a great deal more intimately than most of us do; one would have to be acquainted with minor writers as well. Except perhaps for a few scholars, no American can take from the book all that Nabokov is trying to give.

YET the book is interesting, for Nabokov's special quality does come through. His acts of mystification are not completely arbitrary, though they sometimes seem so. At one point he speaks of "multi-level thinking": "you look at a person and you see him as clearly as if he were fashioned of glass and you were the glass blower, while at the same time without in the least impinging upon that clarity you notice some trifle on the side—such as the similarity of the telephone receiver's shadow to a huge, slightly crushed ant, and (all this simultaneously) the convergence is joined by a third thought—the memory of a sunny evening at a Russian small railway station; *i.e.*, images having no rational connection with the conversation you are carrying on while your mind runs around the outside of your own words and the inside of those of your interlocutor." This is the kind of consciousness that Nabokov tries to reproduce in his novels, and therefore dreams and imaginary conversations and make-believe adventures are part of his material. His trickiness reflects the complexity of life and the deceitfulness of appearances. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 5, 1, 6, 3, 2.

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Ego and Id

Continued from page 23

lished during his lifetime. He feared that it would be misunderstood, and most likely that danger does exist. It takes an open mind to grant the validity of psychological experiences that one has not had himself. Many of the experiences Jung describes are beyond the range of most people. But whether or not one can follow him into the depths, one can scarcely fail to be impressed by the scope and quality of the human being here revealed, for the psychiatrist was equally at home with the wisdom of the ages and with the roots of his own being. And all his outer and inner knowledge was put in the service of his therapeutic function. Everything he wrote and did was intended to enlarge and strengthen the individual personality.

In this, his final work, Jung magnificently culminates his task as therapist to modern man. He gives us his own life history as a paradigm of the human quest for consciousness. With astonishing candor, simplicity, and depth he presents a record of his psychological development. What emerges from these pages is a life of commanding authenticity, a life committed with the utmost devotion to the search for self-knowledge and wholeness.

What the Psychiatrist Said: Despite the subtitle, which promises something more important, **Freud: A Critical Re-Evaluation of His Theories** (McKay, $6.95) is a textbook, showing at once the best and worst aspects of that genre. At best, it supplies the advanced reader with a simplified review of what he already knows, while the novice can relax with brief, accurate summaries of what the psychiatrist said. At worst, its typical textbook style cannot convey, let alone penetrate, what Reuben Fine, the author, would call the "intricate structure" of Freud's thought.

The current dominant schools in all the social sciences believe that thinking is one job, style another. Dr. Fine may be a useful example of this crippling division of intellectual labor: because his style will give the reader no reason for pause, neither will his thought. Perhaps one quotation will be enough to mark the level of his achievement in this work. Dr. Fine is expositing Freud's great essay "Analysis Terminable and Interminable":

> Termination rests upon one or more of three concepts, all of which have some historical developments.
> 1) Removal of symptoms
> 2) Accessibility to a given technique
> 3) Growth towards a certain goal which is considered psychologically desirable (mental health, genitality, maturity).
> I) The *removal of symptoms* remains essentially unchanged as a goal of analysis. The only difference is that knowledge of symptoms expanded considerably, to a point where today any aspect of the character structure may be considered the equivalent of a symptom.

This view can be dated from Freud's 1926 book on anxiety. And that is that. Not a word more on what it means—or might conceivably mean—to equate "any aspect of character structure" with "a symptom." This subject, like other difficult ones, is dropped quite as soon as it is raised. Sometimes a difficult topic may be resumed in a later chapter (*e.g.*, "the neurotic character of all previous civilizations"), but then in a dishearteningly perfunctory way. In fact, the longer one reads, the more perfunctory this book becomes, for the author finds it far more difficult to give anything like full expositions of Freud's later social theories than of his earlier case histories.

I shall not multiply examples. The book is neither critical nor re-evaluative. Moreover, what was, in the first half, Dr. Fine's virtue of expository tidiness becomes, in the second half, the vice of superficiality about Freud's social theory, which does not lend itself so easily to straightforward exposition. Throughout, one skims along the surface of Freud's thought, being told "what he said," ostensibly "in the light of the best available existing knowledge." Unfortunately, that "best available existing knowledge" would demand a range of theoretical competence that the author does not exhibit in this book.

—PHILLIP RIEFF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1034

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1034 will be found in the next issue.

RFW MD AFWEKO YTF TYTFBP RKGS YWWMPFN QP JSF GMRVYWP MD HKBAYT VFMVBF.

GMBFTENAF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1033

Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.

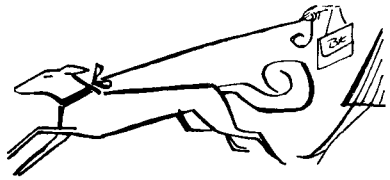
—GEORGE ELIOT.

Editorial

Continued from page 14

Gold competition, that my intimate friends and I would be on the same side. Because once the week began the war would be on for fair. It was considered treason for a Green or Gold to speak to one another. Our business would be transacted on the battlefield; that is, in the boxing or wrestling ring or on the baseball field or in the tug-of-war arena. Inevitably, by the end of such a week, I would have an entirely new configuration of friends. And the feelings tended to persist—at least until the "Green and Gold Week" the following year.

A quarter-century or so after my last camp experience I met a man who had shared the same bunk at the summer camp. His first point of identification was that he had beaten me in the senior



rowing event during Green and Gold Week. I couldn't help reflecting that he was proclaiming the fact and not just recalling it. And I am compelled to report that I reminded my friend that, in the baseball game culminating the week, he came in as a relief pitcher in the eighth inning, and that I belted him for a game-winning double. My friend winced perceptibly.

As I say, this was the first thing that came to mind in the early part of Mr. May's report. But as the report proceeded, a more fundamental and relevant analogy inevitably came into view.

THE people on this earth today are confronted with a common problem: how to avoid a colossal experience in group suicide. The machines have been perfected and wheeled into place for pulverizing the nesting places of the humans and debilitating the survivors.

These machines represent the peak of human ingenuity. But the efforts to prevent their use represent the lowest point in the exercise of the human intelligence and moral imagination. A collective doom is in the making—not because of any inexorable process but because the way in which a solution is sought guarantees it will not be found. The species is divided into teams. Each team has its own highly-muscled ego and its captains. Each team imposes the sternest penalties on its captain for any signs that he may be veering away from its sovereignty. And the members of each of the teams are prisoners of an unworkable context.

The United States and the Soviet

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Union are not far from nuclear war on at least a half-dozen specific issues quite apart from the differences of ideology between them. To mention only two of these issues—nuclear testing and Berlin—it is overwhelmingly in their own national interests to find an answer. Their inability to agree in the nuclear field makes it practically certain that a shift in the world balance of power will take place a few years from now because of the diffusion of atomic weapons. Meanwhile, the air that the people of both countries must breathe is being fouled by the test explosions. But the context of the negotiations makes it impossible for either side to go as far as it is necessary to go in order to arrive at a workable agreement. And the greatest failure of all is the failure to recognize the inevitability of failure in that setting and in that context.

Nothing on earth would be more startling than the rapidity with which world problems could become manageable once the proper institutions and methods are created to deal with them. It is not necessary to synthesize or invent a larger or universal group in order to create transcendent loyalties. That larger group already exists. It is the human family.

What does not exist is the sense of membership in such a group. Nor is it necessary to synthesize or invent an agency that could apply objective criteria to world problems and superintend their solutions. That group also exists. It is the United Nations. What does not exist is the willingness to have it function as it must function.

The human race is locked into an unworkable context. The key is still to be found in human intelligence. And the way out begins with the desire to get out. —N.C.

Artist as Rhinoceros

By Jeannette Nichols

THE rhinoceros goes home
to open
tubes of blue paint
and be sad.
But without his glasses
he mistakes the labels and squirts
an alizarin snake across a sheet of glass
and sucks in his breath
suddenly in love.
All night long
the back of the red snake goes solid
and the rhinoceros
rambling into a terrible dawn
keeps looking for someone.
And all night long
the tubes of blue paint
with their loose caps
wait.

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TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA—The most complete list of waterfront properties available in Virginia. Free booklet—"Virginia." G.B. Lorraine, Broker, Richmond Federal Building, Richmond, Virginia.

FLORIDA LAKE LIVING. Home sites near everything. Established area. $390 full price, $5.00 month. Information write Lake Weir Shores 29, Silver Springs, Florida.

WATERFRONT VACATION HOMESITES. Thoreau-like country. All utilities. Brochure. Sheepscot Shore Colony, Palermo, Maine.

VERMONT—Country places; lake, ski cottages, farms, acreage, brooks, views. Help you? Milton G. Moore, Realtor, Johnson, Vermont.

POUNDRIDGE, Westchester County, N.Y.—Approximately 3 delightful acres, privacy. One hour Manhattan. Posnansky, 203-DA 2-2696.

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SUMMER READING SCHOOL. Diagnosis, individualized instruction. Full recreation and tutoring program. Greentrees, Broadalbin, N. Y.

VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center. Elmer 2, New Jersey.

TENNIS with Davis Cup star, Barry MacKay, GOLF with PGA Champion, Vic Ghezzi. June 22nd-29th, $125. Boys/Girls 8-18. 2110 Barnes Avenue, NYC 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 8-4440.

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SUMMERLANE—An American Summerhill. **Room 811,** 225 Lafayette, New York 12.

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A COLORADO MOUNTAINEERING SUMMER. Survival, with a variety of wilderness experience, is of lifelong value for boys 12-16. Excellent in-camp facilities, unrivaled mountains. Apply July 24th session. Ashcrofters, Aspen, Colorado.

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FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS. Summer of adventure: boys 9-16 inclusive. Trips: 63-ft. flagship, 42 land, water activities. Approved summer school. Catalogue. Farragut Camps, Box SRC, Toms River, New Jersey.

INDIAN HILL — Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Junior and Senior High School, Boys-Girls. All sports; Music, Theatre, Art, Dance. Olympic size swimming pool. Inquire about "Indian Hill Abroad." Mordecai Bauman, Director, 49 West 12th Street, NYC. CHelsea 2-2280.

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VACATIONS

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WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

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VACATIONS

AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

CAPE COD. Attractive guest house overlooking Nantucket Sound. Excellent swimming. Breakfast if desired. Good restaurants, golf, shops, theatre. Open mid-May to October. Write Elmore Biggs, Shore Pines, Harwich Port, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. Excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 1, Maine.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, on beautiful Casco Bay. Chebeague Island, Maine. VI 6-4059. Brochure.

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EXPLORE SHELTER ISLAND for informal fun, value-plus! Wonderful beaches, golf, tennis, boating. Write Chequit Inn or Off Shore Club for brochure. Phone: SH 9-0018, SH 9-0561. Opens Memorial Day.

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NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

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HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

OLD WORLD CHARM. Beds turned down each night. Beautiful Eighteenth Century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

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VACATIONS

BRANDON INN. Charm of yesteryear, convenience of the modern. Restful. On village green near library. 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

FAMILY VACATION! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Child sleeps with parents or in camp (2-16 years). Swimming, sports, trips. Free pony riding. Excellent food. Golf nearby. Booklet. Mrs. Harriet Glick Pierce, Box S, Fairlee, Vermont.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

VERMONT—Scenic, Early American setting. Private cottages, Colonial Inn and Country Club that features 9 new holes of golf for 1963. Rates: $14 to $21 daily, including meals at the Inn or "dine out" privileges. Limited number of lakeview and fairway residential properties available. Mountain Top Inn, Chittenden, Vermont. New York Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, LOngacre 5-1114.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

NATURE LOVERS, creative people. Find peace, quiet, beautiful scenery, charming old-world home. Individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y., near lovely Cooperstown.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. June to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569-V, Ely, Minnesota.

LUDLOW LODGE, leisurely living in a little village. Ludlow, Vermont.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

LOVELADIES HARBOR, Long Beach Island, N.J. Houses for sale and for rent; summer and year-round. See our ad under "Houses for Sale."

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

"IT IS A HEAVENLY PLACE and I say it reverently . . . no treasure undiscovered, sunshine and starlight, fog, rain, wind, golden wild mustard, wild iris, wild strawberries, delicious air, sweet wood fire smoke . . . I'll never forget." From a guest's letter to The Island Inn, Box A, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

(Continued on page 54)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 53)

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, EXCELLENT MEALS? You'll enjoy vacationing here. Swimming pool, golf, other sports on our 250-acre estate. Special attraction: Creative Arts Courses, Pottery, Water-Color Painting, July 8th-August 2nd. Informal entertainment. Children's Summer Program. AAA. Color Folder. Edwin Finch, Manager. The Northfield, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIDE AND FISH in the cool high country of Northern New Mexico. No television, organized activities. Excellent horses, hiking, fishing or just resting and relaxing. Write: Los Pinos Guest Ranch, Cowles, New Mexico.

THE HOMESTEAD, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Offering quiet comfort and good food.

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SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA—2 bedroom cottage for a lazy tropical island vacation. Heavenly beach, shells, birds, fishing. $80 week. Marian Knebel, 6528 Wiscasset Road, Washington 16, D.C.

WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

WATCH HILL, R.I.—Private home, beautiful ocean view, 2 rooms, bath, $300 for season. References. Box 22, Chaplin, Connecticut.

VACATION IN JULY? Lovely warm daylight hours in the Adirondack foothills. Irondequoit Club, Piseco, New York.

CHANGE. If you're a bit pale, a week here will put a new complexion on things. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

TYPICAL REACTION to Gurney's Inn: "(speechless)". Gracious hostelry and private cottages "On the Brink O' the Beach". Montauk, L.I., 516-MO 8-2345. Write Dept. S-7 for more articulate description.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation building for dining, sociability, entertainment. Guest cottages. Boats on 4 lakes. Every water sport. Real fishing. Fine riding, tennis. Memorable meals, pleasing service, every comfort. Quimby's Inn and Cottages, Averill 4, Vermont.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE—Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 29th-October 15th. Color folder.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

MESSALONSKEE BEACH COTTAGES. Housekeeping, lakefront. Fish, play, relax. Belgrade, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Public beach. FREE Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

TANGLEWOOD BOUND? Rooms at Orchard House—$6 single, $10 double. Tyringham, Massachusetts.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquility of our breezy, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and serenity of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Marlboro Music, lakes, tennis, golf nearby. Spacious rooms and lounges, imaginative cuisine. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

MANSFIELD FARM, Londonderry, Vermont: Eighteenth century 10 room farmhouse. Altitude 1,600 feet. Panoramic mountain view. Gardens. Quiet. Library. Open fires. Delicious food. Rates $60-$65 weekly all inclusive. Ruth Schriftgiesser. 802-VA 4-5721.

COMBINE INTELLECTUAL STIMULATION with vacation at University of California's Lake Arrowhead Center. Open to public July 26th-August 4th; August 30th-September 2nd: spend 2 days or a week at the University Residential Center in the San Bernardino Mountains near Los Angeles. Outstanding authorities, lectures, discussion groups, films, recreational facilities. Topics include art, literature, philosophy, psychology, politics. Write now for detailed program to University Extension, Dept. SR, UCLA, Los Angeles 24, California.

THE FALES. Berkshire beauty — cottages — rooms — dining room. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

CRUISE ABOARD your own private charter yacht. Now is the time to book for summer months in the GREEK ISLANDS or the CARIBBEAN WINDWARD & LEEWARD ISLANDS. Write airmail:—V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., P.O. Box 103, Antigua, West Indies.

IN MY PRIVATE, beautiful 50 acre mountain/woodland retreat, attractive 1 room housekeeping cabin, $18, camp site, $10 week. E. Cambridge, South Woodstock, Vermont.

LAKE SHORE FARM—Rolling lawns, private beach, recreation building, erudite, cosmopolitan clientele. Northwood, N.H.

GO GAUGUIN! Puerto Rican mountain paradise. Thatched hut, kitchen, bath, $30 week. Hunter, 81-06 34th Avenue, Jackson Heights, N.Y.

TRAVEL

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 per week. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

CAMERA AND ART CRUISES to the South Seas aboard SS Mariposa. Cruise 42 days in Matson luxury visiting Bora Bora, Tahiti, Fiji, Pago Pago, Noumea, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii. Camera Cruise highlights seminars and workshops in all phases of photography with noted photographer, Vince Pincetich. Sailing August 29th San Francisco; next day Los Angeles. Art cruise features daily study in water colors, oils, charcoal, all media, with famed artist, Vincenzo . . . plus special field trips ashore. Sails November 28th San Francisco; next day Los Angeles. See your travel agent or Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

EXPEDITION—'ROUND THE WORLD' BEING FORMED. Famed 190' Schooner "YANKEE CLIPPER" embarks January '64 on 12 month voyage to Galapogos, Pitcairn, Tahiti, Orient, the World. Applications now being accepted for congenial shipmates to share adventure and expenses (about $12 per day). Write Capt. Mike Burke, P.O. Box 1051, Dept. 23-R, Miami Beach 39, Florida.

TRAVEL

MEXICO—From Acala to Zoquiapan, "Terry's Guid to Mexico" has been a major institution in tourisr for over 50 years. Now completely updated for th modern traveler. Absolutely encyclopedic. $5.95 a bookstores, Doubleday.

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SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. Consider The Duffys', a tropical guest house by the sea. Excellent beach Gemuetlichkeit bar. Casual island atmosphere. Bo 12232, Loiza Station.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guide book gives complete information on hundreds o lower cost trips you can take on passenger carryin freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to al parts of the world. New 21st edition shows wher they go, how long they take, what they cost, give addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed fo planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighte Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue Los Angeles 25, California.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchen ettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100

HISTORIC ENGLAND. Students 14-19, coed, enjoy cultural activities throughout England, July-August. Academic tutoring available—Creative arts. At Farncombe Manor by Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, in beautiful Cotswold hills. Write: THE SHAPLEY SCHOOLS, INC., Box 216, New Canaan, Connecticut 966-2694.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Weekly and monthly rates on request. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

SUMMERTIME AND THE SAILIN' is breezy—Wind, water, waving palms. Perfect relaxation for 2-6 royal guests. Yacht OLAD II. Brochure. Reply airmail 13¢: Captain Arthur Kimberly, Independence Cruises, Box 1216-S, Nassau, Bahamas.

A WEEKEND IN NEW YORK AT BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL is the greatest! New, special package rates for two- and three-day visits are available. Write or call for information. If you're driving, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll be near everything—steps from the United Nations, theatres, shops, museums and art galleries. Two excellent restaurants serve delicious food at moderate prices. The fascinating Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge offers magnificent views of the East River and the city as well as expertly prepared refreshments. Don't miss the fun! BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-EL 5-7300.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderd Florida.

PHILADELPHIA (Penn Campua, "University City"). Culture continues through Summer: concerts, theatres, museums. $5 single, $7 double, none higher, all private baths, most television and air-conditioned. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

JUST A SHORT MOTOR TRIP from lovely Cape Town is the Cape of Good Hope, where the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet. See all South Africa yourself! Less cost per day the longer you stay. Literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

UNUSUAL ITINERARY—57 days—England, France, Italy, Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Rhodes, cruise Adriatic. $1,795 jet—July 5th-August 31st. Boat? Charter? $1,255 plus transportation. Meet London July 6th. Price includes everything—meals, concerts, plays, many extras. Brochure. Amster, Box C-948.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1521

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Cranks with handles for giving motion to grindstones, etc.	14 118 29 74 7 156 193
B. Amer. political leader in Maine during McKinley's administration.	36 134 81 127
C. Cast from or aside (comp).	2 158 100 170 27 184 16 23 41
D. To examine by the balance.	144 185 8 84 58
E. Marked with a name.	137 94 104 167 10 133 173
F. Learned.	105 168 76 190 121 98 59
G. Any one of three fish; a bird; a snake; a drink.	97 150 180 149 11 40
H. Chinese general, successful in Kuomintang (1882-1960; full name).	135 87 21 101 169 62 182 110 71 119
I. Extravagant or violent misdoing.	89 28 6 192 26 136 20
J. Bore up against.	188 63 166 161 31 70 181 83 17
K. The oxide which is known as laughing gas.	165 129 147 178 55 44 80
L. Famous sisters of the silent movies.	108 102 122 128 47 72
M. Coincident in direction with the directions of stress or strain (term in physics).	90 153 186 111 42 73 114 125 140
N. Felonious removal of goods.	116 88 95 75 13 109 179 194 142 99 154
O. Cotton cloth of great durability, firm in texture, orig. Chinese, naturally brownish yellow.	107 145 196 61 79 162 175
P. Mussolini's Black Shirts.	37 195 117 92 113 152 78 45
Q. Recover.	68 141 93 183 30 38
R. A concealing.	124 3 132 69 53 24 112 174 157 189
S. Spice Islands.	60 187 9 91 126 155 159 103
T. The "slacker" of World War I or II (not in WNI, but in familiar speech; comp.).	64 39 52 56 65 51 177 197 19 131 5
U. A "Cloister", or monastic community, in Pennsylvania, 1728, of Seventh Day Adventists.	67 163 148 77 171 57 138
V. Pattern which has been made but a short time; basis of *haute couture* (not in WNI as a phrase; 2 wds.).	139 22 115 34 12 130 82 176 50
W. Rather acidulous.	123 35 172 4 43 49 15 106 151 66
X. External; circular.	191 86 160 54 32 25 48
Y. Specifying one desirable feature of some early American chairs (comp.).	1 164 146 120 46 18 96 143 85 33

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 Y	2 C	3 R	4 W	5 T	6 I		7 A	8 D	9 S	10 E	11 G	12 V	13 N	
14 A	15 W	16 C	17 J	18 Y		19 T	20 I	21 H	22 V		23 C	24 R	25 X		26 I		27 C
28 I	29 A	30 Q	31 J	32 X	33 Y		34 V	35 W	36 B	37 P	38 Q	39 T	40 G	41 C	42 M		43 W
44 K	45 P	46 Y	47 L	48 X		49 W	50 V	51 T		52 T	53 R	54 X		55 K	56 T		57 U
58 D	59 F	60 S		61 O	62 H	63 J	64 T		65 T	66 W	67 U	68 Q	69 R		70 J	71 H	72 L
	73 M		74 A	75 N	76 F	77 U	78 P	79 O	80 K	81 B		82 V	83 J		84 D	85 Y	86 X
87 H		88 N	89 I		90 M	91 S	92 P	93 Q		94 E		95 N	96 Y	97 G	98 F		99 N
100 C		101 H	102 L	103 S		104 E	105 F	106 W	107 O	108 L		109 N	110 H	111 M	112 R		113 P
114 M		115 V	116 N	117 P		118 A	119 H		120 Y	121 F	122 L		123 W	124 R	125 M	126 S	127 B
	128 L	129 K	130 V		131 T	132 R	133 E	134 B	135 H		136 I	137 E	138 U	139 V	140 M	141 Q	
142 N	143 Y		144 D	145 O	146 Y		147 K	148 U	149 G		150 G	151 W	152 P	153 M	154 N	155 S	156 A
	157 R	158 C		159 S		160 X	161 J	162 O	163 U		164 Y	165 K	166 J	167 E	168 F	169 H	170 C
171 U	172 W	173 E	174 R	175 O	176 V		177 T	178 K		179 N		180 Q	181 J	182 H	183 Q	184 C	185 D
	186 M	187 S		188 J	189 R	190 F	191 X	192 I	193 A	194 N	195 P	196 O	197 T				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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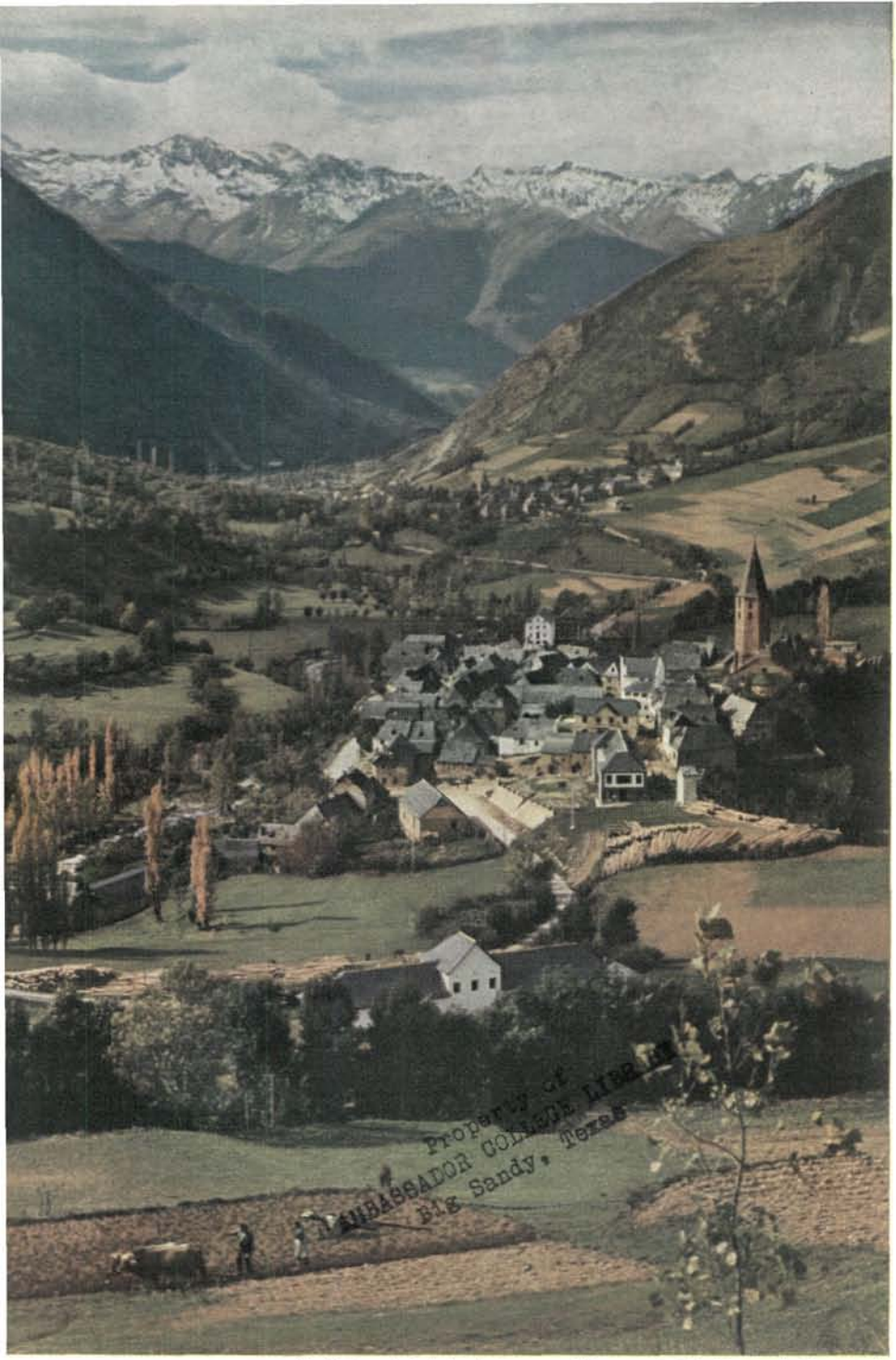
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The Valley of Arán in the Pyrenees. The town of Salardú is in the foreground.

Fall in love with Spain.

MODERN air travel by Iberia DC-8 jets makes it easy for you to enjoy the remarkable beauty, climate and prices of Spain.

The variety of color and scenery is unequaled anywhere in Europe. Here you'll find rugged snowcapped mountains. Vast rolling plains. Lush olive and orange groves. Medieval villages. Bustling modern cities. And magnificent beaches.

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You can count on good weather from March to November along Costa Brava and Costa Blanca. And you can swim year round at Costa del Sol.

The prices in Spain will amaze you. You can stay in a first-class hotel for $6.00 a day, *meals included*. Or you can splurge and stay in a de luxe hotel for $7.50 to $10.00 a day. A room without meals will cost you about $3.00 a day in a good hotel.

Spanish food is hearty, but not nearly as spicy as many people believe. A typical meal may include Gazpacho (an excellent soup made from cucumbers, garlic, tomatoes, and a dozen other ingredients). Cochinillo asado (roast suckling pig). And a half bottle of wine.

Iberia is the way to get there

Iberia Air Lines of Spain will give you a 6½ hour head start in enjoying Spanish food. During your flight you are served delicious meals and wines by stewardesses from Spain's finest families.

Iberia has the most modern DC-8 jets. They are meticulously maintained. The cabins are tastefully decorated, spacious and comfortable. Your pilot's training surpasses the most rigorous standards. One-way fare to Madrid is $292.

There's no end of things to see or do in Spain. There's a festival or fiesta somewhere almost every day of the year. There are bullfights every Sunday from Easter till the end of October. And flamenco dancing in the cabarets every night.

The Prado Museum in Madrid has one of the finest art collections in the world. Admission charge is 10 pesetas (16 cents).

Add it up. For less than $50.00 you can spend a full week in a good hotel in Madrid. Eat to your heart's content. Watch the bullfights. Visit the Prado.

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